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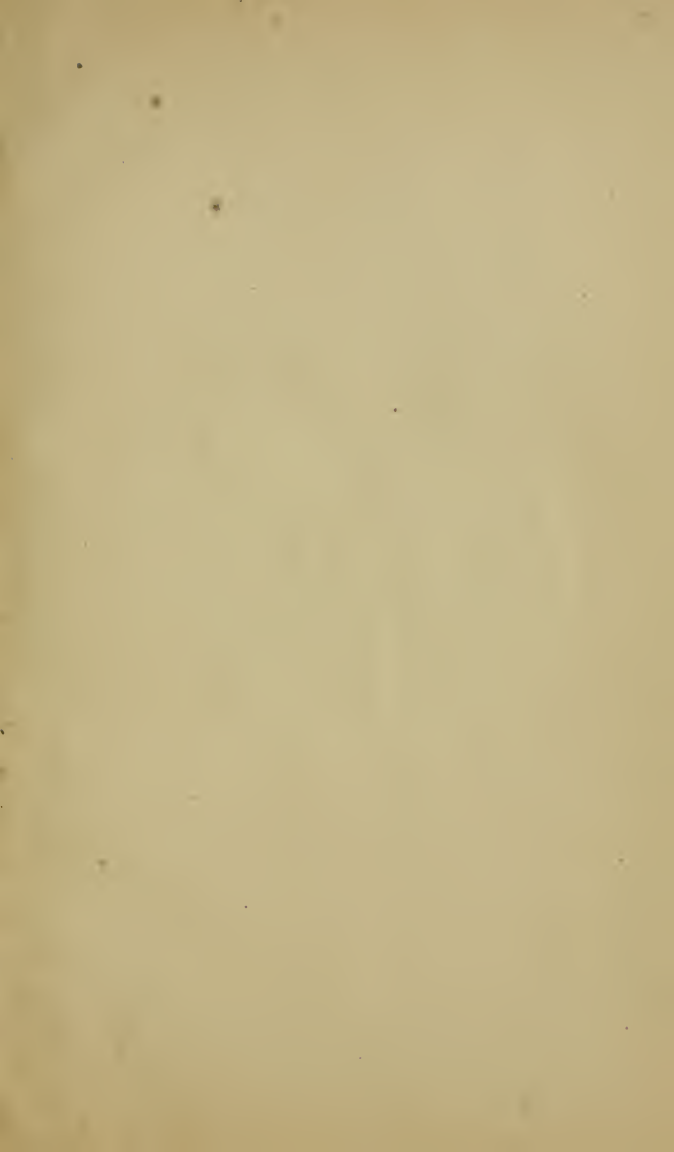
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



229.







Yours truly
L. V. Hall

With fingers along the fair field
of Science may be gleaned; and may
my golden grains of truth gathered
in the darkness; while the heart is
ever cheered, and the ear charmed
by the music of nature. — L. V. Hall.
Graduate of the New York Insti-
tution for the Blind.

N. E. Kneass Jr., Printer. PHIL'A.

VOICES OF NATURE.

BY
L. V.  HALL.



NEW-YORK :
JOHN A. GRAY & GREEN, PRINTERS, 16 & 18 JACOB ST.
1868.

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ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by
L. V. HALL,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New-York.

TO

MRS. JENNIE E. HALL,

MY FAITHFUL WIFE, READER, AND AMANUENSIS,

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED.



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PREFACE.



VOICE OF A BOOK.

I'M a child of art, and therefore may not hope
To blend my voice in perfect unison
With Nature's notes, self-taught and self-sustained ;
The spiritual, the beautiful, the pure,
Were left for Nature—not for books to sing.
Yet books have voices, speaking from the past,
Of hope and love, ambition, progress, power ;
Of art and science, literature and laws ;
Of ancient grandeur, chivalry, and pride ;
Of faith, repentance, charity, and heaven.
Thus to the ear, while time and tongue shall last,
We books will tell of character and thought ;
Of human joys and sorrows, pain and death.
My birth was humble, but legitimate ;
The offspring of a heart not dead to love ;
The echo of a soul not deaf to sound ;
The creature of a mind not blind to truth,
Nor senseless to the impress beauty brings
From moral, physical, or social world.
I make no sad appeals to sympathy,
No capital of physical defects,

But rather of what God has kindly given.
I court no favors on misfortune's score,
Nor fear the frowns of those who underrate.
Though faults and imperfections may appear,
Should candid critics lay my pages bare,
This consolation will destroy the sting—
No perfect thing had human origin.
I therefore claim no proud and honored place
Among the writings of the present age,
Except through these credentials—moral worth,
Intrinsic merit, thoughts original.
If there is melody within my heart
That shall inspire one soul to loftier aims ;
If there are whisperings among my leaves
That shall convince one mind that God is good ;
If there are words upon a single page
That shall recall the erring from his ways,
And point to virtue as the path to heaven,
Then I shall not have sung my songs in vain ;
Then I shall not have whispered to the winds ;
Then I shall not have spoken to the stones.

INTRODUCTION.

MUCH that I have lived and felt, loved and hated, praised and condemned, will be found embodied in these little poems ; and it may be well to state at the outset, that they were not written for the ostensible purpose of making a book to be forced upon the charitable public, irrespective of moral worth or intrinsic merit ; but they are the product of days, months, and years of laborious thought, mature reflection, and careful pruning ; of experience in many relations of life, and of a practical knowledge, from observation, of nearly every phase of character.

It is not my purpose to write a lengthy introduction, or to trouble the reader with details of my own experience. I have achieved but little worthy of record, and have few personal attractions. I have not the vanity, therefore, to chronicle my deeds, or to draw a personal picture. The author who writes his own life should write his own epitaph. Like the silkworm, he has spun his thread, wound his cocoon, and only waits for death to immortalize him. He is a sort of suicide, who takes his own life for the benefit of the public. He submits to a post-mortem examination to gratify

his friends ; and by self-dissection lays bare heart and brain, nerve and muscle, to the gaze of his enemies.

So much of my life's history, however, as relates to my peculiar physical disability, and the influence it may have had upon my moral, intellectual, and social development ; so much of my experience as differs widely from the experience of others ; my connection with the public institution, where, at the people's expense, I was educated, and how well I have improved the opportunities thus afforded me, are matters of public interest, and may, I think, be given in this connection without show of vanity or appearance of egotism.

I was born March 20th, 1828, in Cayuga county, New-York. My father was a farmer, hence the greater portion of my early childhood was spent in a rural district, far away from the corrupting influences of village gossip and city precocity. My early moral and religious training was good ; for my mother was an humble and devoted Christian. And although I was never permitted to look upon her sweet face, or to return her look of love, yet, should I be so happy as to meet her in heaven, my infant dreams will be realized, and I shall there recognize the face of my sainted mother. I had no little playmates, and was compelled, therefore, to rely upon my own resources for amusement.

My advantages for object study were few ; my school-room and my world rarely extending beyond the horizon of our door-yard fence. From my earliest recollection I loved the songs of birds, and rejoiced at their coming, after a long and dreary winter, as few children rejoiced at the approach of spring with its birds and brooks. Delighted with the springing grasses, and with the

swelling buds on all the twigs within my reach, I would wander for hours through the scented shrubbery, and fancy that the warm sunbeam I felt was God's look of love, and the south wind his breath.

When the air was redolent with the perfume of blossoms, I would climb the fruit-trees, and with the bees go from branch to branch, not to gather honey, but fragrance, and a knowledge of Nature's arrangements. I loved to feel the soft leaves with their delicate veins and serrate edges, and knew they were beautiful.

They told me they were green ; and I have ever associated the name of that color with the soft texture and glossy surface of leaves and grasses. In this way the æsthetic principle in my nature was developed, and my taste for the beautiful cultivated.

My lack of vision was early manifested by a show of indifference to highly colored objects that commonly attract the notice of infants. It was doubtless congenital, though not the result of intemperance, or that reprehensible practice of intermarriage among blood relations which so often produces physical and mental deformity. That a law of nature was somewhere violated, there is no room to question ; and that I am now suffering the penalty of that violated law, is equally clear ; yet I have never, for a moment, indulged in the presumptuous thought, that God deals unjustly with his creatures, or that he is partial in his distribution of goods and ills. In the law of compensation I find cause for thanksgiving that he has made the senses susceptible of cultivation, and such a degree of refinement that, when one is destroyed, the others may perform a part of its functions.

There is still another view of this subject. There is evil in the world, that good may be appreciated ; there is deformity, that beauty may be apparent ; there is darkness, that light may be enjoyed ; there is sickness, that health may be prized ; and there is blindness, that those who possess perfect sight may value their privileges. I have always had a dim perception of light. This gives me a knowledge of darkness, and of the extreme contrast between white and black. But of the intermediate shadings and blendings of colors, I am totally ignorant ; yet I fancy there is a striking analogy between the effect of colors upon the eye, and sounds upon the ear. Both please or pain by their harmony or discord.

I can not better elucidate the topic in hand than by copying a few remarks of an eminent blind writer upon this subject :

“We talk about harmony of colors as well as harmony of sounds, and all understand instinctively what is meant. Inharmony of colors is as offensive to the eye as inharmony of sounds is to the ear. The entire musical world recognize the truth of the principle in question, and talk as freely of color, light, and shade, in reference to sound, as does the painter in reference to his visible pictures ; and many of our finest musical compositions are intended to represent visible objects and scenes. The seven tones of the diatonic scale are said by all to correspond with the seven colors of the prismatic scale, and the harmonic triad of the former with the three primary colors of the latter. The chromatic scale derives its name from the suggestion of color.”

Writing from personal experience, and a large acquaintance with the habits and perceptions of blind persons, the same author continues :

“Also, through the suggestion of sound, may be ascertained the substance, magnitude, form, location, motion, and other circumstances pertaining to objects. By the tone of a bell we learn its size, as well as what it is, and so of other sonorous bodies ; we can tell whether they are metallic or otherwise, whether they are hollow, solid, thick, thin, etc. ; by striking upon a cask or other hollow body, we can tell whether it is full or empty ; by striking or walking upon the floor of a room, we may learn whether it is furnished or unfurnished ; by the sound of moving bodies, we ascertain their distance from us, and whether they are approaching or receding, and so on, almost *ad infinitum*.”

Here I must be permitted to hazard a few passing remarks upon the effects that blindness may have had upon my moral growth. Cloistered, like a monk in his dimly lighted cell, I saw no allurements to evil, and hence was not tempted as is the seeing youth. I was continually under the vigilant eye of my mother, and could not, if I would, stray beyond the limits of her parental jurisdiction. Her only text-book for my early training was the Bible—her monitor and her guide. She told me it was God’s book, sent down from heaven to teach men the way of salvation, and children, cheerful obedience to parents ; and although I could not see a line, I then believed that every page was written over by the finger of God. Oh ! that my mind could now return to this simple faith.

Up to the age of eleven, I had had but few associates,

and remained in blissful ignorance of all those vicious practices and influences that so contaminate the young mind, and corrupt the youthful imagination. About this time my father removed to Livingston county, N. Y., and located in a small village as the proprietor of a country inn ; and here commences a new era in my life's history. Here I found boys of my own age, educated in the street, the workshop, the bar-room, and in every place where the votaries of vice congregate to indulge in obscene jokes and profanity. At first, my sensitive nature shrank from such companionship ; but soon the indurating process commenced, and ere long I could hear the Bible condemned, religion ridiculed, and the name of God profaned with little concern ; and, be it said to my shame, I learned to swear in the most approved style of modern profanity. This radical change, however, from a life of inactivity and seclusion, to one of action and social intercourse, from sedentary habits to vigorous out-door exercise, proved very salutary to the development of my physical powers ; gave tone to my nerves, strength to my muscles, and buoyancy to my spirits. Instead of the sickly, puny child I had always been, my parents and friends were delighted to find me a plump, ruddy, rollicking boy, full of life and adventure, song and mirth. I joined my companions in all their sports and amusements, skating, swimming, hunting, fishing, riding on horseback, spinning tops, bowling hoops, gathering nuts, robbing birds' nests, and constructing dams and water-wheels in the neighboring creeks, in all of which I took an active part. I could climb higher and farther out on the branches of trees than any of my playmates dare ven-

ture. I saw no danger and feared none. I was keenly alive to a sense of the ludicrous, and rather precocious in that species of cunning commonly known as mischief. I loved fun, and often found it by placing my friends and associates in perilous or ridiculous positions.

At the age of sixteen I was received as a State pupil at the New-York Institute for the Blind, and at once entered upon all those primary branches of study commonly taught in schools for the seeing. Up to this time I possessed few advantages for mental culture. The common schools afforded me none, and my friends could find no leisure to devote to my education. But here I found apparatus and appliances adapted to my wants and condition. Cards were placed in my hands, containing the alphabet in the embossed print, and my fingers and attention directed to the shape of each character. Very soon the form of each became clearly defined to my tactual sense, and I could distinguish the smallest letter in use at a touch. I then learned the shape and use of figures on movable type, by which we are enabled to perform examples in arithmetic and algebra. At the close of the first year it was found I had made rapid progress in reading, spelling, geography, grammar, and arithmetic. I could read in the New Testament, and brought a volume home with me at vacation to astonish my friends ; for at this stage of my education I fancied myself a proficient in all the English branches, and really supposed I had reaped and gathered the whole field of science. But the next year dispelled this illusion, and showed me that I had only gathered a single sheaf, while the broad domain of nature lay before me unexplored. During the remaining

five years, I passed through all the grades of study then pursued at our Institution, and gained some knowledge of the theory and practice of music, together with several kinds of handicraft, and the art of piano-tuning. In the graduating class of 1852 I was appointed valedictorian ; and, having passed a creditable examination in what might be termed an academic course of English education, and having delivered myself of an original, though rather pompous address, I received, as did other members of my class, a sham diploma from our board of managers, but with a pledge that parchments should be regularly filled out, conferring degrees pro merit, and presented to us. This was never done. In fact, the whole thing was a ridiculous farce gotten up for public display.

I received, however, flattering testimonials from our superintendent and teachers, one also from Dr. Isaac Wood, then acting as President of the Board of Managers. With these I pushed out into the panting, struggling world, to fight the battle of life, and win for myself such victories as my small arms could secure. Here ended my institution life, with all its institutionalities, its monotonous routine of duties, (sometimes pleasant, and sometimes irksome,) its protection from moral and social dangers, and the valuable facilities it afforded for mental improvement. I knew but little of the great world with its social strata, its political currents, and its maelstroms of vice. My head was full of untried theories, and my heart filled with bright hopes for the future ; I fancied my attainments sufficient to buoy me up to a region of perpetual sunshine. I had long indulged in dreams of ambition, and thirsted for

public applause. These dreams I hoped to realize whenever the trump of Fame should make ready to sound my praise. I did not then know that so many bright luminaries were up and shining, and how small in comparison would appear my fire-fly lamp of genius. I had conceived the project of writing a history of the eminent European and American blind, and, associated with Mr. William Artman, a blind gentleman of superior ability and large experience, immediately set about collecting data. This work was completed and published in 1855. It has since passed through several editions, and may be found in almost every private and public library in the United States and Canadas. It was not given to the trade, but sold by ourselves and several blind persons employed as agents. Our plan was to give employment to such of our fellow-sufferers as were disposed to exert themselves in their own behalf—affording them a legitimate business by which they could gain an honorable livelihood. Finding my health suffering from exposure and over-exertion in my business, I went to Bowling Green, Kentucky, in 1859, where, in company with my nephew, Mr. J. S. Bean, I opened a music and book-store.

The location seemed a favorable one, but how profitable this business might have proved can not now be known ; for in June, 1862, anticipating General Buckner's advance upon that place, I sold out my interest and came North, glad to escape the dangers of war that then seemed to threaten neutral Kentucky.

Up to this time I had paddled my canoe alone, and reigned supreme in my own wigwam ; in other words, I was sole proprietor of my own heart. But it was not

steel-clad, and proved vulnerable to Cupid's improved ordnance ; so, after a short engagement I gallantly surrendered ; but received in exchange a heart worth two like mine, two bright eyes, a congenial spirit, and willing hands ever ready to administer to my comfort. I was married February 23d, 1863, to Miss Jennie Eastwood, of Livingston county, New-York. The product of our union thus far has been two lovely children, a boy and a girl, neither of which, I am happy to say, has inherited the physical defect of their father. We are now a quartet of happy voices blending in the chorus, " Oh ! give us a home in the hearts of our friends, and a grave in our own native land." And, although one of us is singing in the dark, he is trying bravely to sustain his part amid the difficulties which environ him.

In the bare statement that this little volume is the original production of one who has been from birth surrounded by impenetrable darkness, who has collected his facts and fancies amid this interminable gloom, who has gathered all his knowledge of the material world through his fingers' ends, and from what Nature has sung to him with her million tongues and happy voices, would not, I fear, be found a sufficient apology for its publication. But the fact that it contains the elements of a new philosophy that may hereafter explain the laws by which mind is manifested in the tones of the human voice ; by which form, distance, magnitude, and even colors are indicated by certain qualities of sound ; the fact that, in many of these poems will be found valuable hints of the various modes by which persons without sight are enabled to read character, and to form quite correct estimates of age, cul-

ture, and refinement, will, I trust, commend my work to the attention of wonder-loving readers, and bespeak for its author an humble place in the memory of the American people.

LANSING V. HALL.

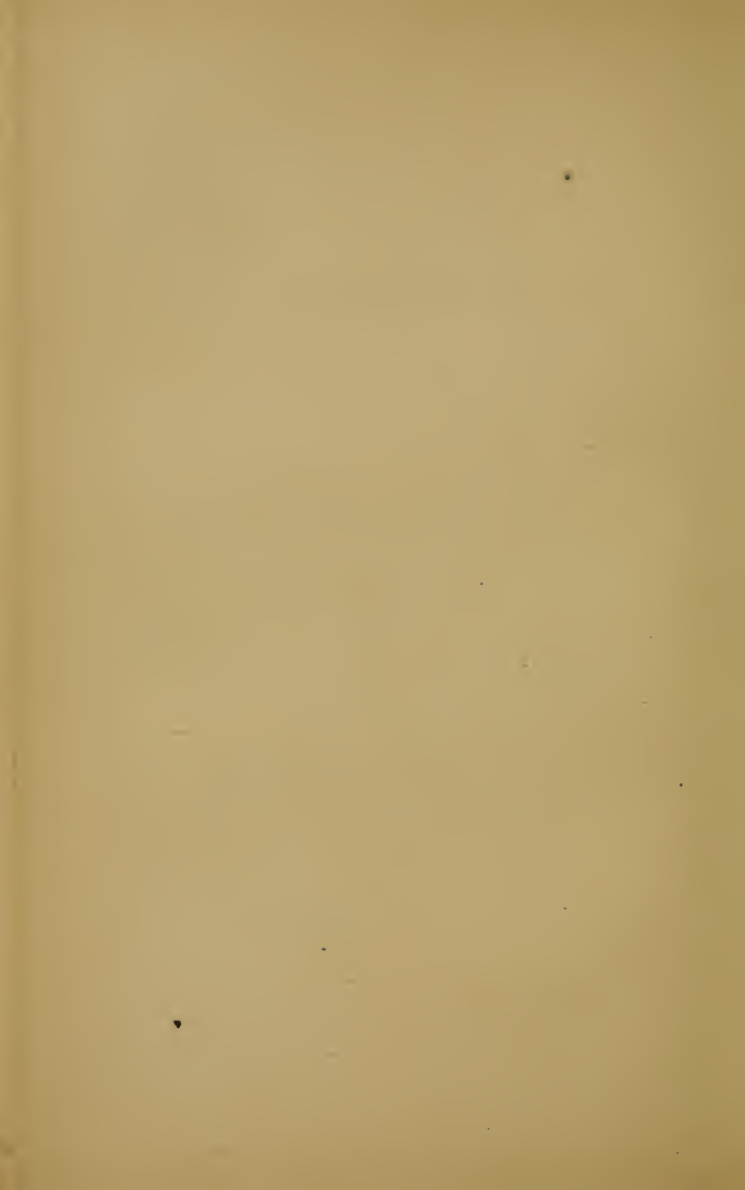
MOUNT MORRIS, NEW-YORK, April 10, 1867.

PART FIRST.



IF the eye sees much, the ear hears more ; for in sleep the eye is closed,
but the ear—never.

IT hears the rain upon the roof,
And the tinkling, trickling eaves,
While fancy in a golden woof
Some sweet delusion weaves.
It hears the bright bouquets of birds
That blossom into song,
As morning wakes to welcoming words,
And shoots the heavens along.
It tells the soul of all that's grand
Or beautiful in earth :
Through it the powers of mind expand
For an immortal birth.



VOICES OF NATURE.

GENESIS.

FROM out the silence that in darkest shroud
Hung brooding o'er a wild, chaotic void,
The voice of God came forth as from a cloud
When thunders speak and lightnings swift obey ;
So, from his throne on high, the mighty God
Said, " Now let there be light !" and glorious day
Burst in full splendor on the primal earth.
All nature saw, and felt the genial ray ;
All nature heard, and trembled at the sound ;
The conscious floods affrighted shrank away,
Obedient to the word that like a flame
Licked up the waters from the fertile ground ;
While from their caves the winds unfettered came,
And to their triple task went freely forth—
To wake the ocean from its sleep of death,
And in it breathe a living energy ;
To waft the wingèd seeds with every breath
From mountain slope across the fertile plain ;
To plant the flowering shrub and fruitful tree,
The tender grasses and the golden grain,
Wherever seed or germ of plant might fall.

This task performed, again the winds went forth,
To dry the moisture and to drive the mist,
To lift the fleecy clouds above the earth,
To fall in gentle rain, that all the land,
Now pregnant by the new light's generous kiss
And genial warmth, might spread with bounteous hand
A green and mossy carpet over all.
Once more the heavens to their centre shake ;
The earth rebounds, and rocks from pole to pole ;
The ocean heaves, the granite mountains quake,
As once again that voice in thunder tone
Bursts from the clouds, that part and backward roll
Beneath the firmament—Jehovah's throne—
While nature listens to the dread command :
“ Let this pure light, that now doth emanate
With every thought that from my being flows,
Collect, and all its glories concentrate
Around each centre of the rolling spheres.
Thus every world that in its orbit goes
Shall be illumined through their circling years,
While heaven upon its starry frame shall stand.”
The voice was still ; but, instant with the word,
On lightning's wing to heaven's remotest bound
The fiat flew. Obedient nature heard,
And soon the fountains of perpetual day
Their flow began. The worlds that circled round
Reflected in their turn the lucent ray,
While God, beholding, blessed the infant morn.
Thus sun, and moon, and stars were all ordained,
And heaven's firm foundation strongly laid.
The planets in their places, each sustained
By mutual love, that harmony divine

To which the morning stars their tribute paid,
• And all the sons of God their praise combined,
To hail the advent of a world new born.
The foaming floods, by sporting breezes stirred,
Now raised their voice in answer to the call
That from the parting clouds again was heard.
“Bring forth, O deep! from thy dark watery womb,
The thoughts that I have buried there; bring all
The varied forms, that buoyant life may come
And people with its tribes thy wide domain.
Let every conscious creature that can feel
The pleasures of a living, moving force,
Be ’gendered in thy bosom; thus reveal
The glory of my power; each with sense
And liberty of motion—secret source
Of highest happiness—with loves intense,
To multiply and fill thy watery plains.
In thee the huge leviathan shall play,
And toss with sinewy tail thy foam on high.
His bony fabric shall my power display
In all the vast proportions of his frame.
No creature may elude his searching eye;
Before his breath, like a consuming flame,
His enemies shall flee, but surely fall.
With scales of flint his body shall be dressed,
• In triple layers along his sloping sides.
A shield of adamant shall guard his breast,
And walls of flinty rock his head encase;
And when majestic on thy waves he rides,
All flesh shall flee before his frowning face,
And he shall rule triumphant over all.”
“Submissive, Lord,” the billows answered back,

From shore to shore, in solemn, surging sound,
"We go to do thy pleasure ; in our track
Shall spring to light and life the finny tribes ;
The seas with joy and beauty shall abound,
And form and fashion as thy law prescribes,
From faintest fabric up to perfect mould."
When time's allotted task was thus complete,
And life, by love, through nature's realm was spread,
The mighty God, descending from his seat,
Lit up the stars that his pure mind had made,
And walked the world that trembled at his tread,
While he with joy his wondrous work surveyed ;
And, thus beholding, blessed the infant earth.
Pure nature saw his face, and reproduced
From her transparent depths his image clear ;
She heard his voice, and from her caverns loosed
The sounding echoes, answering tone for tone ;
This form with voice divine, and character,
The Lord received, and, blessing as his own,
Inspired with life. Thus man had birth.

ANGELS' SONG.

O H ! beautifully bright among heaven's green islands
That dot the dark ocean of limitless space,
Is yonder fair planet, called up from the silence
And darkness that shrouded its primitive face.

In the cold lap of night from on high He beheld it,
And lit up its void with a glance from his eye ;

In its circling course by one breath he propelled it,
And marked out its way through the star-spangled
sky.

Then glory to Him who from solitude called it,
And filled all its fountains with pleasure and song,
Who gathered the sea and with firm granite walled it,
And gave to each leaf of the forest a tongue ;

Who taught the wild winds how to talk with the ocean,
As nightly they walk arm in arm with the waves ;
Who gave to the mountains a voice of devotion,
And filled with thanksgiving their echoing caves ;

Who speaks from his clouds and the deep chasms answer,
Who sends on the lightnings his summons afar,
Who shakes with his voice the firm earth to its centre,
And makes the tornado his conquering car ;

Who fills every mouth with the praise of his power,
Who tunes every heart to the note of his love,
Who bears on his breath from the sweet-scented bower
Soft perfume and song to our mansions above.

Then join, O ye heavens ! to swell the glad chorus ;
Unite, all ye worlds, in the rapturous strain ;
Let Him who came up from dim ages before us
O'er all his creation eternally reign.

SONG OF THE WINDS

WE come, we come from the southland seas
Across the sunny plains,
To whisper among the shady trees,
And to cool our lips with many a kiss
From their dewy leaves, that shall feel the bliss
Through all their quivering veins.

To frolic among the flowers we come,
And to steal their balmy breath ;
To waft away to our mountain home,
To tempt the banks of virgin snow
To melt, and leap to the valleys below,
Through many a shining path.

We come to sing of the meek-eyed spring,
And to whisper of rosy June,
When all the echoing woodlands ring
With song of bird and hum of bee,
While the fairies dance in merriest glee
By the light of the mellow moon.

We come to sport on the sunny lake,
And to ripple its glassy breast,
While from its shore sweet echoes wake,
With every wave that comes to kiss
The lilies that with their pale cheeks press
The water's shining crest.

We come to play with the rustling leaves,
And to comb each silken tress
Of the waving corn, that glad receives
The fertilizing dust we bring
Of pollen upon our airy wing,
And to feel our soft caress.

We come to sport with the fleecy clouds,
And to dance with the pearly showers ;
To lift the mantling mist that shrouds
The mountain's brow and languid lake,
While from the dripping trees we shake
Bright rain-drops o'er the flowers.

Farewell ! to the northland hills we go,
To dive in the forest deep—
To chase the driving sleet and snow,
To scatter the leaves that autumn lends,
And to shake the fruit from the bough that bends
With the treasure it can not keep.

Farewell ! we go—but to come again
When the autumn days have passed ;
But not to dance with the pattering rain,
Or to kiss the dew from the opening flowers,
Or to whisper of love in the leafy bowers,
But to shout in the boreal blast.

SONG OF THE RAIN-DROPS.

WITH pattering feet along the street,
And up the dreary lane,
We march along to our midnight song,
And swift advance, as the lightning's glance
Falls shimmering through the rain.

The tinkling glass we tap as we pass,
To wake some slumb'ring wight ;
Then dart away into spattering spray,
Or flow in streams through his wond'ring dreams,
To tell of the dreary night.

For further proof, o'er the rattling roof
We dance with merry feet,
Then dart in the eye of some passer-by,
To make him think that his walk for a drink
Would hardly pay to repeat.

In vain he tries to shelter his eyes
From the drenching, blinding blast,
For we dive in the rolls of his mantle folds,
And stealthily creep through the fibres deep,
Till we moisten the skin at last.

But we patter in vain on the window pane
Of a poet, dreaming of love ;
For every sound in his dream is drowned,
While fancy fashions the tender passions,
As pure as those above.

Our tumult without in gutter and spout
His fertile fancy employs,
And echoes each tone, with a voice of her own,
In the ear of his mind, now in slumber confined,
Till its chambers are filled with joys.

E'en the lightning's red gleam she weaves in his
dream,
But mellows its glimmering glare ;
While memories come with bright pictures of home,
With the sweet face of one than under the sun
No other is half so fair.

And now to his view from the arching blue
The mellow moon looks down,
And mirrors her beam in the silvery stream,
Now murmuring low in its peaceful flow,
From the hills of his native town.

On a carpet of moss, with its silken floss
That fringes the water's side,
A maiden reclines, while his strong arm entwines
Her delicate waist, as they talk of the past,
When she promised to be his bride.

And now, as the breeze through the rustling trees
The innocent blossom woos,
The lover kneels and his full soul reveals,
In a tempest of sighs from his heart and his eyes,
Till the maiden her pledge renews.

The view dissolves ; and time revolves
To a day in autumn brown,
When fruits of gold let go their hold,
And the nut's brown burr with every stir
Pours copious treasures down.

The ripened wheat at the reaper's feet
Has fallen long ago ;
And given its head for the farmer's bread,
And smoking cakes that the good wife bakes,
When the fields are white with snow.

The yellow corn to the barn is borne,
And spread on the ample floor ;
While from the mow is gleaming now
To the farmer's eye, his oats and rye—
In sheaf a shining store.

The fragrant hay he has piled in the bay,
From the sill to centre beam,
To feed his flocks, the horse and ox,
When winter shall throw his mantle of snow
O'er valley, hill, and stream.

For a bounteous board he has wisely stored,
The best of all his land ;
And welcomes all to his friendly hall,
The rich, the poor, the great, the obscure,
With an equal generous hand.

One lovely face lights up the place,
At morning, noon, and eve ;
'Tis the face of her we have seen before
In the poet's dream, by the lightning's gleam,
That busy fancy weaves.

With every thread through the fabric spread,
A mystic charm she blends,
That firmer holds in its dreamy folds
Each drowsy sense ; while thought intense
Full scope to passion lends.

But, see ! he starts as the shutter parts,
And slams with a dismal sound,
And lightnings stare with a fiercer glare
Through the crevice made by the parting shade,
But the dreamer sleeps profound.

The clatter and clash of the rattling sash
Falls faintly on his ear,
While from his brain a glittering train
Of visions bright starts up to sight,
Presaging the future clear.

He stands in the porch of the village church,
And she is by his side ;
They move along with the joyous throng,
And up the aisles amid greeting smiles.
For she's to be his bride.

The chime of bells their coming tells,
And the organ's rapt'rous strain ;
When lo ! he wakes, as the thunder shakes
With deafening sound the trembling ground ;
And he hears the song of the rain.

CHORUS.

Oh ! we are the merry, merry rain-drops,
We make the earth so glad ;
We come in showers to the opening flowers,
And we sing when the heart is sad.
We dance on the leaves of the spreading trees,
And fill the fountains with melodies.
Oh ! we are the merry, merry rain-drops,
We make the earth so glad ;
We come in showers to the opening flowers,
And we sing when the heart is sad.

VOICE OF THE FOREST.

I STOOD alone in the forest deep,
Far from the busy haunts of man,
Where dreamy shadows silent sleep
On beds of fallen leaves that lay
Like hope-wrecks on the broken strand
Of life's dark ocean to decay.
Around, beneath, above my head,
Nature in all her freshness reigned ;
Here at my feet soft lichens spread
Their velvet carpet ; there the vine,
By neither care nor culture trained,
Coiled up in many a waving line,
Weaving a net of darkest green
Among the elms' extended boughs,
That scarce a ray might fall between,
To fringe the moss with silver threads,
Or startle from their deep repose
The shadows on their leafy beds.
With every breath that stirred the trees,
From many a tinkling waterfall,
With song of birds and hum of bees,
There came a strange, mysterious tone
That rose in grandeur over all—
A sound to me before unknown.
At first it seemed to fill my ear,
As hope sometimes fills up the soul
With joy at fancied pleasures near ;
Then, growing to the sense more real,

It gradually obtained control
Of heart and mind, till one could feel
Its deep vibrations thrilling through
Each nervous fibre ; so intense,
So full of rapturous awe it grew.
Not like the thunder's threatening peal
That speaks of dread omnipotence,
While lightnings from the clouds reveal
His gathering strength in darkness hid,
The whirlwind and the flinty hail,
The rending bolt that at his bid
Cleaves the firm oak and tosses high
Its flaming fragments to the gale
That sweeps in frantic fury by ;
Nor like the hoarse, tumultuous roar
Of ocean's surges sounding far,
As high along the shelving shore
They madly dash and furious leap,
As if to rend the rocky bar,
And ope the portals of the deep ;
Nor like those wild and boding cries
That mariners have sometimes heard
Far out at sea, when all the skies,
With tempest filled and tongues of flame,
Seemed with the foaming ocean stirred,
Till sea and sky were all the same.
To hear the grand, majestic voice
Of old Niagara, thundering forth
Upon the breezes ever moist.
With tears of joy the waters weep,
While far below, with dreadful mirth,
They shout and through the chasm sweep ;

To see the rainbow through the mist
Reflecting from the foaming flood,
To feel a power naught can resist,
To know that nature through all time
Has echoed here the voice of God,
Must, with a majesty sublime,
Impress the soul, and lift the heart
In praise to Him who by a word
Commands, and living fountains start ;
Who wills, and mighty rivers flow ;
Who breathes, and lo ! the deep is stirred ;
Who smiles, and tender grasses grow.
But when the heart is desolate,
Like the lone solitude it seeks,
When shadows of a coming fate
Spread o'er our buried hopes their palls,
Then Nature from her temple speaks :
Not in the voice of waterfalls,
But in the forest wild and dark,
Among those giant sentinels
That stand as monuments, to mark
The silent toil of years gone by,
Where every leaf a legend tells,
And every stream a history.
Thus weary of the world, and sad,
I sought the solitary wood,
To hide alike from good and bad,
And from myself—if from the past,
So full of sorrow, memory could
But break the chain that held me fast.
Thus, in a languid, listless mood,
To every fate alike resigned,

Beneath a shady elm I stood ;
While with the murmur of the streams,
And music of the birds combined,
Sweet flow'rets from their dewy dreams
The spirits of the wild wood woke,
And with a thousand leafy tongues
Thus freely to my fancy spoke.

SONG OF THE WILD FLOWERS.

OH ! we are the gems that fitly adorn
Fair nature's temple of praise ;
Wherever the golden sunbeams fall,
Through quivering leaves or climbing vines,
At the feet of the maples grand and tall
We freely spread our flowery feast ;
And when the opening eyes of morn
Shed tears of joy at the first faint lines
Of rosy light that tinge the east,
Our jeweled cups we raise.
Hark to the tinkle of fairy bells,
List to the murmur of the merry rills ;
Come to the feast, come one and all—
Bees to the banquet call !

Oh ! we are the joys of our forest home,
Though we blossom unloved and unseen
By mortal eye or human heart ;
Yet there is a sense to flowers given—

A subtle power by which we impart
The pleasures we feel, and the hopes that spring,
And the prayers we breathe, that soft breezes may come
To waft our whispering praise to heaven ;
While every wish that our hearts give wing
May blossom anew on the green.

Hark to the tinkle of fairy bells,
List to the murmur of the merry rills ;
Come to the feast, come one and all—
Bees to the banquet call !

Oh ! we are the light of our forest home ;
We spangle its valleys and hills
With blossoms so bright that fairies may dance
By the light of our smiles when the moon is gone—
When even the stars have hid their glance
Among their mantles' fleecy folds—
When wood-nymphs to their revels come,
And frolic and feast, till purple dawn
Up from the east her curtain rolls,
And our jeweled cups refills.

Hark to the tinkle of fairy bells,
List to the murmur of the merry rills ;
Come to the feast, come one and all—
Bees to the banquet call !

Scarce had the blushing blossoms closed
Their dreamy eyes, and hushed their songs,
When lo ! another sound arose.

SONG OF THE OAK.

LONG I have stood in this grand old wood,
Said a gnarled and ancient oak,
I have seen the ghosts of martyred hosts
Curl up amid their smoke ;
I have seen the fagot's torturing blaze
Wreathe round the victim's heart,
And saw what greets no human gaze—
The sighing soul depart.

Full a hundred years of crime and tears
Have swept o'er my sleepless head,
And scattered my leaves to the autumn breeze
To cover the slumbering dead.
Ah ! a tale of woe hath this wild old wood—
A tale of woe to tell ;
And I hear it now in the rushing flood
That sweeps through yonder dell.

I hear its plaint in the murmurs faint
Of distant waterfalls,
And many a scar that my bark doth mar,
Its memory recalls.
E'en now I see the reeking steel
Aimed at a brother's heart,
And through each quivering fibre feel
The agonizing smart.

Long years ago, when the red man's bow
Was strong, and his arrows sure,
Through the forest here he chased the deer
And deemed his home secure.
But soon a shadow dimmed the east—
His pale-faced brother came
From the land of science, song, and feast—
A worshiper of fame.

Bright schemes he brought with his restless thought,
Of gold and conquered land,
And the serpent's lie was in his eye—
But a Bible in his hand.
Our brother is faint, the red man said,
And hungry—let him eat ;
In the Indian's tent soft furs are spread,
And our women shall give him meat.

And when the morn from the growing corn
Has dried the pearly dew,
We'll string our bow for the bounding doe,
And our eager chase renew.
And morning came with its dewy breath,
And noon passed from the hill ;
And the white man woke from his work of death—
But the savage slumbers still.

Ah ! I see the graves of the warrior braves
In yonder flowery vale,
And ever till now have I kept my vow
To tell the bloody tale ;

For I hear the sound of the woodman's ax,
And know that I soon must fall ;
For nothing wild in the white man's tracks
Can thrive—he conquers all.

He hews, he builds, he tames or kills,
And calls his labor just ;
And even the ground to its depths profound
He digs for yellow dust ;
He mangles and mars the earth's fair face
Till Nature is gray and old,
And he prays that Heaven may save his race,
But all he saves is gold.

So there is nothing lost, said I,
Soliloquizing ; Nature keeps
Her own account ; as years go by,
On every rock she paints the past,
And every tree, though round it sweeps
For centuries the wintry blast.
Thought through all time has ever been
Impressed on matter ; every word,
And every action, great or mean,
The faintest wish or foulest deed
Must each their history record
In characters that Heaven may read.
There is a sympathetic chord
That runs through all the various grades
Of conscious life, and does afford
The vital current ; who can tell

But that its fibres may invade
The inner sense of plants as well ?

Learned men have found that leaves are lungs
To breathe the vitalizing air ;
And may they not be whispering tongues
To tell us of the joys they feel,
And of the sympathies they share
With what the heart may not reveal ?
Perhaps the same electric force
That holds the ponderous earth in check,
And guides the planets in their course—
That forms those grand affinities,
By which the smallest mote or speck
With every kindred mote agrees,
Kindles alike those fervid fires
That feed the fountains of the sun,
And every throbbing heart inspires
With bounding life, and love of kind,
And weaves those mystic threads that run
Through all the fabric of the mind.
And what a woof ! what bright design !
What glowing images appear !
What beauties every thread entwines
That through the windows of the soul,
Pour in with colors rich and rare,
As memory paints her endless scroll !
To such a mind the world is bright ;
Thought blossoms with each opening flower ;
The darkest clouds are mixt with light,

And beauty beams in every ray ;
Hope whispers love in every bower,
And new life dawns with every day.
But when the soul in darkness sits—
When fate, remorseless fate, hath drawn
A vail that no bright ray transmits,
How slowly weave the tangled threads
Of tame existence ; not one dawn
Of golden light its glory sheds.
Yet there is left to such a soul
A world that few have understood ;
A world of pleasant sounds that roll
Upon the cultivated ear,
In floods of melody, that crude,
Untutored minds will only hear
As jarring discord, noise that grates
Upon the nerves, and not as sound
That generous nature always freights
With some idea, some grand thought,
Some image of the world around,
Instinct with life, and beauty fraught.

TONES OF THE HUMAN VOICE.

THE pine may sigh in her solitude,
Or the willow weep for joy,
As the mountain brook leaps down from the wood
To fall in her cool decoy.

The maple may whisper of hope and love,
And the birch may breathe of rest ;
But there is no sound with power to move,
Like a sigh from the human breast.

The rain may fall on leaf and flower,
Or the dew in pearl-drops lie ;
But there is no charm of such magic power
As a tear in the human eye.

To birds and insects song is given,
To sorrow or rejoice ;
But the sweetest sounds this side of heaven
Are the tones of the human voice.

How every accent thrills the heart !
What blushes paint the cheek !
How tears with words of pity start !
To move is but to speak !

A sigh may have a double sense ;
A look, a false command ;
The melting eye's mute eloquence
I can not understand.

But when a word with meaning fraught
Comes thundering at my ear,
The mind is there to catch the thought ;
The soul can see and hear.

To such a soul, though sun and moon
And stars are wrapped in night,
There is no darkness ; all is noon,
And radiant with light.

With every sound intensified,
A thousand wonders swell ;
And at her portals opened wide,
The soul keeps sentinel.

She hears the sparrow's fluttering wing,
And the wild-bee's busy hum,
And she hears the cheerful robin sing,
And knows that spring is come.

She feels the young sweet blossom's breath,
And tender springing grass,
And she knows that life succeeds to death,
As the rolling seasons pass.

She hears the restless rustling leaves,
Far up into the sky ;
And from the sound she thus receives,
She knows the trees are high.

She sits among the fragrant flowers,
And feels the noonday sun,
And by those long and sultry hours
Knows summer has begun.

She hears the ring of the reaper's blade,
Among the standing grain,
And follows in fancy the swath he made
Across the stubbled plain.

She loves the breath of the new-mown hay,
As it bows on the meadow's breast ;
But the step from ripeness to decay,
Is all its odors suggest.

She hears the night-winds whisper of wealth
Among the waving corn,
And she knows there is beauty, joy, and health,
In every blushing morn.

She hears the cricket's cheerful chirp,
And the rasping Katy-did,
And she knows that autumn has come to usurp
The ground that summer has hid.

She hears the fruits let go their hold,
And fall to the waiting ground,
And she sees the coats of velvet and gold,
Which their juicy pulps surround.

She hears the squirrel on his hickory bough,
And the brown nut rattling down,
And she knows that winter is coming now,
With his fierce and angry frown.

The frost may silently weave its net,
And the snow may gently fall ;
But the soul stands guard at her portals yet ;
She knows and records it all.

The eye may melt in an ocean of love
Too deep for written words ;
But the voice alone has a power to move,
No other gift affords.

A maiden may read in her lover's eye
The tender regard he feels,
And the ear may drink with a single sigh
The longing his heart reveals.

But when from the depths of his manly soul,
A voice with passion blent
Speaks to her heart, she knows it all,
And yields a maiden's consent.

The mother's plaintive lullaby,
What volumes does it tell,
Of plans that in the future lie,
For the babe she loves so well !

She hears him in his childish joy
Along the laughing brooks,
And again she sees her darling boy
Among his maps and books.

She sees him in his manly pride
With pale and thoughtful face,
As in the forum opened wide,
He seeks an honored place.

Such hopes and fears and anxious cares
No look hath e'er expressed,
As mingles in her evening prayers
For the infant on her breast.

Although in God she puts her trust,
She trembles at his power ;
For she knows there's death e'en for the just,
And blight for the brightest flower.

WHISPERINGS AMONG THE TREES.

IN the shade of a hickory, broad and high,
I sat as the summer hours went by,
And heard strange whisperings among the leaves,
Wild words that only my ear receives
Of forest mysteries.
Each branch was tuned to a common key,
And all vibrated in harmony
Save one—a graceless malcontent
That all the bright-winged moments spent
In quarreling with other trees ;

In murmuring against its aimless fate,
Or prating of freedom as others prate
Who fat on the substance that others gain
By lives of buffeting, toil, and pain,
That their buds of promise may swell ;
In croaking of partial, oppressive laws,
As others have done in a similar cause,
Whose hands have aided to frame a code
For the public weal and their mutual good,
And then were the first to rebel.

I long to be free, was the branch's moan,
I am strong enough now to flourish alone ;
Could I be but released from the parent stem,
To lave my leaflets in yonder stream,
And float on its sparkling breast ;

On its mossy banks I would plant my roots,
And high in mid air I would send my shoots,
Where the squirrel might gather the toothsome nut,
And the hunter might build his rustic hut
 Beneath my sheltering crest.

Thus firmly rooted and self-sustained,
My freedom won and identity gained,
I would be the peer of the oak and pine,
With arm as strong and foliage fine,
 As any tree in the vale.
The winds of March I would then defy,
And sing as the summer breezes go by,
And smile when the autumn frost should fold
My glossy leaves in purple and gold,
 And laugh at the November gale.

Just then a blast from the upland came,
And swept through the tree like a withering flame ;
When lo ! the limb that sighed to be free,
All mangled and torn on the green turf lay
 Beside the singing stream :
And the giant hickory groaned and said,
Already too long have my juices fed,
Rebellious branch, thy fruitless life
For naught but discord, clamor, and strife,
 And proud Ambition's dream.

Henceforth thy substance shall be a prey
For the groveling grub and the tooth of decay ;

And the winds shall scatter thy leaves abroad,
And sprinkle thy dust to the foaming flood
 When the autumn rains shall fall.
And a worthier branch shall fill thy place
When the finger of time this scar shall efface,
And my veins with sweeter juices shall flow,
No bitterness feel nor discord know,
 While the changing seasons roll.

MORAL.

TAKE care, my proud, ambitious friend,
That all your feelings in concord blend
With the currents of human sympathy ;
For this is glorious liberty,
 And pleasure that will endure.
Ambition lit the infernal flame ;
From malcontent, rebellion came ;
Through envy, men and angels fell,
And filled with discord earth and hell ;
 But heaven still is pure.

WHISPERINGS AMONG THE TREES.

CONTINUED.

ON a rustic bench by a broken wall,
'Neath an ancient elm grand and tall,
I lingered till twilight shadows fell ;
For the ancient tree had a tale to tell,
 A tale of domestic woe.
The night winds through the ruins sighed,
And the tree with its leafy tongues replied,
Ah ! yes, welladay ! 'tis sadly strange
How the music of life in its tones may change.
 Yet it ever must be so.

For the hearts of trees and men grow old ;
Our sympathies die as our blood grows cold,
And earth recedes as its ties are riven,
And we raise our drooping heads toward heaven
 And sigh for sorrow's relief.
Yet there was a time when my life was green,
When I watched with interest every scene
That passed within my limited view,
And sometimes thrilled my fibres through
 With present joy or grief.

There was a time when these moss-grown walls
Through which the sluggish snail now crawls

Were firm and high, with ample doors,
With casements broad, and marble floors,
 And paneled wainscot high.
And mirrors in their massive frames,
And portraits with their family names, .
And trusty swords hung on the walls
Along the spacious echoing halls,
 The pride of every eye.

And there was feasting, song, and mirth,
By men and maids of beauty and birth,
And love and tears and passion and pride
And crime and shame which the world outside
 Was never permitted to know.
And all those years I beheld these wrongs,
And whispered reproof with a thousand tongues ;
But they heeded not the warning I spoke
Till the wrath of heaven in fury broke,
 Engulfing all below.

Full fifty years in the primitive wood,
Before this mansion was reared, I stood,
And I saw the gleam of the woodman's ax,
And felt in my bark its cruel hacks,
 But my life at last was spared.
I saw these stones piled one by one
Till the building from cellar to garret was done,
And the grounds from bush and brush were cleared,
And walks and lawns and gardens appeared,
 And I their culture shared.

For they lopped and pruned me from root to crown,
And all my promising sprouts hacked down,
And wove from my branches that rustic seat,
And pinned it fast to my fibrous feet

Where my shadow was sure to fall.

A history strange hath that ancient chair—
A tale that the world may never hear ;
For the forms that figured have passed away,
And the record made hath gone to decay,
Like yonder crumbling wall.

One page alone in my memory lives
That of all this wreck the sequel gives ;
One leaf I have kept through all those years—
'Tis blotted with blood and stained with tears

And dank with mould of the past.

I have kept it not for the crimes it records,
But rather the proof its record affords
That Heaven, though slow to anger, is just ;
That although the captive's fetters may rust,
Retribution will come at last.

In one short night all this ruin was wrought ;
A friendless fugitive had been caught
Who had in a fit of frenzy fled

From my dalliant master's criminal bed ;

And though she was never his wife,
He feared what the tongue of scandal might say,
And shrinking from public obloquy,
Dispatched three lackeys upon her track,
With orders to bring the culprit back
And quietly end her life.

The men this order promptly obeyed ;
Returning at eve with the sorrowing maid,
They placed a ladder against my boughs,
And stealthily entered the master's house
 By a secret hidden door.
I heard the bolt of her prison-cell,
And knew that its silence would never tell,
Nor its darkness reveal to Christian eye
How this pleading captive must famish and die,
 As many have done before.

And I raised my shivering arms on high,
And said to the dark avenging sky,
Now gather thy clouds and bolts of wrath ;
Let vengeance come in the hurricane's path,
 And set this captive free.
And the thunders answered, " We will ! we will !"
And tempests gathered on every hill,
And down through the vale like a rushing flame
In its fury and might, destruction came,
 And left but the ruins you see.

At another time, said the stately tree,
I may have something more to say
Of that rustic seat and the haunted well—
A tale I am not permitted to tell
 Except to the sightless few,
Who can not behold the gloomy ghost
Who nightly stands at the old well-post,
And a weeping mother on her knee,
With strangled babes, her infants three.
 Forever in her view.

Perhaps I may have a song to sing
Of birds that came with the merry spring,
To weave their curious hanging nests
With the skill that only birds possess,
And music to fill the dell.
To sing of a gentle, loving pair,
Who used to sit in that ancient chair,
With thoughts as pure as the mellow moon ;
But sin eclipsed their brightness soon ;
Lust came, and virtue fell.

VOICES FROM DREAMLAND.

THERE is a land that borders on to death,
Down where the river of existence runs,
Now smoothly on with peaceful, noiseless flow,
Now wild and turbid with impetuous rush.
On this side, dream and sleep—on that side, death ;
On this side, transient rest from toil and care—
On that side, endless peace and joy in heaven ;
On this side, slumber from the weary march,
The fearful struggle ever to renew—
On that side, no fatigue, no forced retreat,
But onward to success and victory.
From this side, voices come with forms of speech
That tell us of the restless thought within,
That life, and love, and memory, and hope,
Are active in this shadowy land of dreams ;
On that side, all is silent ; naught is heard
But angel whispers and the Saviour's call,

“Come hither, all ye weary, laden souls,
Believe in me and I will give you rest.”
No sound of earth finds sympathy in heaven,
Save one—the Christian’s hymn of pious praise.
No voice hath power to ope the pearly gates
And wake among the everlasting hills
Celestial echoes to a kind response,
Save one—an earnest, pleading voice of prayer.
Perhaps this realm of sleep that dreams invade
With scores of actors from the stage of life,
To reënact its ever-varying scenes
With each event that in the memory lives,
Is visible across the stream of time ;
That spirits with immortal ken behold,
What wondering science yet has failed to see—
The silent workings of the mind in sleep.
How fancy weaves her golden threads of light
In every form her fickleness suggests,
From fairest flower up to brightest star ;
In shining streams, and lakes, and moonlit vales,
And grassy lawns, and gilded mountain peaks,
And birds, and insects on their trembling wings,
And cities teeming with inhabitants,
All mute and voiceless to the dreamer’s ear,
Save when some outward sound disturbs the sense,
Except the lack of sight has rendered sound
A necessary medium of mind,
Through which it learns of nature’s friendly voice,
The form and character of nature’s face.
So to the dreamer, naught is palpable ;
All objects vanish at his proffered touch ;
Each shadowy shape recedes at his approach,

Save when the lack of sight has made this sense
The great highway through which the mind receives
Its rich supplies of aliment or food ;
Through which it feels the living world without,
Whether in sleep or in its wakeful mood,
Though fancy guide, or conscious reason reign.
These statements I have made on evidence,
And will, no doubt, be found to coincide
With every reader's past experience.
Most writers on phenomena of sleep,
Agree that dreams are voiceless pantomimes ;
That objects sought elude the dreamer's grasp ;
That death and sleep, twin-born, go hand in hand,
And o'er their realms united empire hold ;
That through the mist which mantles every scene
Beyond this life's contracted horizon,
Immortal eyes behold our secret thoughts,
And read our hearts as in an open book ;
That when the slumberer comes, with Hermes' wand,
To seal in sleep our weary, watchful eyes,
Those who have crossed the rapid stream of time
Perchance return, to shape our wandering dreams
And sketch those glimpses of celestial joys
That holy men in visions have beheld.
One fact, perhaps, is worthy of remark,
And may be useful to the casuist,
As demonstrating mind's indebtedness
To forms of matter for its just ideal.
I give it, therefore, for the benefit
Of those who love to study nature's laws,
Developed by experience not their own ;
A fact that will, no doubt, be recognized

And reaffirmed by those whose visual ray
Has been obscured from birth or infancy.
'Tis this : that to the dreams of those whose minds
Are ever shrouded from the light of day,
Who reckon day and night as all the same,
Save one remands to toil and one to sleep,
There comes no image to the fancied sight
Of light and shade, nor colors dim or bright ;
No form of friendly face nor winning smiles,
Nor frowns, nor tears, nor crimson blush of shame,
Nor light of sun, or morn, or rainbow tints,
Nor gathering clouds, nor lightning's horrid glare,
Nor spectre shapes of aspect grim and dire,
Nor pantomimic scenes grotesque and weird,
Nor tragic horrors, food for nightmare frights,
Nor prurient pleasure's lewd imaginings ;
But every sound that in the memory dwells
Is echoed through the chambers of the soul,
And thrills the heart with harmonies divine.
Each object has a voice that speaks to us,
Or stands submissive to our friendly touch,
Or comes within our fingers' fancied reach,
Though leagues of airy distance intervene.
We feel the flowers, and smell their fragrant breath,
And call them thoughts of angels dropped from heaven.
We shake the dew-drops from the whispering trees,
And say the angels weep for very joy.
We gather polished fruits among their leaves,
And with their generous juices charm the taste.
We know the shape and properties of each,
And in our dreams take cognizance of all,
Save that of color—nature's gaudy dress,

That makes her form perceptible to sight.
A glass can not reflect what ne'er hath been,
Neither can mind create new elements.
We hear the music of the meadow brooks,
And sport in fancied childhood on their banks.
We hear the birds rejoicing in the groves,
And bees among the blossoms gathering sweets ;
For dream-land hath its groves, and birds, and bees ;
And song, and mirth, and labor, all combine
To make our world of fancies seem as real,
And far more happy than our world of facts.
We tread the tender grasses 'neath our feet,
Or soar at will on fancy's airy wings,
To revel with delight among the stars,
Or pluck a planet from the solar tree
As robin plucks a cherry from its stem.
Angelic beings come with friendly hands
To guide us o'er the starry fields of space ;
And early friends, long buried in the tomb,
Come near to greet us as in days of yore,
With kind embrace and well-remembered voice ;
Perhaps a mother with her lullaby,
Or sister with her sigh, or coaxing kiss,
Or brother with his boisterous badinage,
Or father with his mild but just rebuke.
'Tis wonderful how memories crowd the mind,
How thoughts run riot when discretion sleeps.
'Tis strange how moments in our dreams expand ;
Time hath no index on the deathless soul ;
A moment measures hours, or months, or years ;
We live a lifetime in a single nap ;
We meet a maiden, love, and woo, and win ;

A wedding comes and goes with nuptial joys,
And round us flock a score of boys and girls
In childish glee, with merry ringing laugh,
Each with a voice resembling in its tones
The voices that we loved so long ago.
We feel the frost of age creep through our veins,
And find ourselves with feeble, tottering steps
Descending on the shadowy side of life,
And almost feel the chill breath of the tomb ;
When, hark ! the city bells on church and tower,
Proclaim in solemn tones the midnight hour,
And we awake to find our youth renewed—
To hear the watchman's club and husky voice
Ring out, "'Tis twelve o'clock, and all is well."

MUSIC OF THE SYMPATHIES.

IF the strings of a harp or lute be free
To vibrate in the air,
Their tones will respond in sympathy
To other sounds that in voice agree,
Or may in pitch compare.
Some bells, 'tis said, give a muffled toll,
When the tides of grief o'er the nation roll ;
Or when with gladness the populace shout,
The bells in the steeple with joy ring out,
Though the sexton is far away.

Thus every fibre of nature throbs,
When a kindred chord is struck ;

The restless ocean moans and sobs,
However remote on distant globes
 The tempest lends its shock.
And who shall know but the air we breathe
Is a medium through which angels perceive
The thoughts and wishes of sinful men,
And thus divine by immortal ken,
 What the thinking mind would say ?

The human harp is a harp well strung
 And tuned to notes of love ;
Its normal tones are as joyous and young,
As the songs that shining seraphs sing,
 To welcome the blest above.
An angel's breath on its sensitive chords,
Such strains of heavenly music affords,
That the soul with its rapturous theme is thrilled,
And every longing desire filled,
 And the passions all subdued.

Each string is a social sympathy,
 And so divinely tuned,
As to blend in sweetest harmony
With the joys and sorrows that others feel,
 And to their wants respond.
Their names the ancients canonized
As deities worthy of sacrifice ;
The Christian graces acknowledge their sway,
And e'en the passions their voices obey,
 When their nature is understood.

We find in this world two tendencies,
The evil and the good ;
These play upon our sympathies,
Exciting to virtue, love, and praise,
Or to gross ingratitude.
Angelic fingers may sweep the strings,
Awakening such notes as virtue sings ;
Or demons may breathe on the trembling wires,
Filling the heart with impure desires :
Be watchful and be wise !

The God who made and tuned our hearts
In harmony with his own,
Will reconcile the discordant parts
For the love of Him who hath borne our smarts,
And all our temptations known.
Through him alone will the Father hear
The broken, contrite sinner's prayer.
If by his grace the soul shall ascend,
In heaven at last its sorrows shall end,
And the tears be wiped from all eyes.

And there is light in that sinless land
For eyes that are clouded here ;
We shall need up there no friendly hand
To guide our steps o'er the shining sand,
For the way will be bright and clear.
There will be no sun with its scorching ray,
No moon, or stars, but eternal day ;
For the glory of God is the light thereof ;

And our souls shall feed on his boundless love,
And our eyes shall behold his face.

There all discordant sounds shall cease
And harmony begin ;

The sighing soul shall be at peace,
And all her faculties increase

For knowledge—not for sin.

To her extended vision clear

The peopled world shall all appear,

And she shall wander unrestrained

O'er all the bright celestial plain,

Redeemed by God's free grace.

TRIP TO THE LAND OF ECHOES.

YOU who are weary of this world of ours,
With all its treadmill round of daily toil,
Its game of grab for glory and for gold,
Its endless strife for pudding and for power,
Its noisy clamor for indulgences
In sordid passions, appetites, and lusts ;
You who can find in modern literature
But drowsy opiates for intellect,
In prose and verse so prosy and so blank,
So dreamy that a page would put to sleep
A wide-awake in electioneering times,
So light and airy that a thousand reams
In smallest type would not weigh half an ounce ;

You who declare this world of ours a farce,
And life itself insipid as a flower
From which the bees have sipped its honeyed stores,
And left it tasteless, blank, and odorless,
I now invite to take a pleasure stroll
With me across the starry fields of Mars,
And thence across the plane of Jupiter,
To Saturn with his satellites and rings.
To overcome the earth's attractive force
Throw overboard your ballast—love of self ;
Sell all your real estate, and personals,
Take bankers' bubbles and petroleum stock,
Cram well your pocket with inflated stuff
That may subserve as buoys aerial,
Exchange your cash for cotton on the rise,
And up you bounce above the gilded stars ;
For breadstuffs give no thought nor anxious heed,
For doubtless they will find you in due time ;
Already they have reached a point beyond
Our mortal grasp, and ever on the rise.
Take no canteen, for spirits will be there,
Escaped from hogshead, pipe, and demijohn,
From duty free and *ad valorem* bond ;
There was a time within my memory's scope
That whisky and its worshipers were low ;
The downward tendency of wine and ale,
Made jesting cheap and ribaldry a drug ;
But spirits now are volatile and high ;
They vaunt themselves, they sparkle in the cup,
They make heartburns and headaches ever new ;
Their votaries are found among the proud,
Their altars burn in every public street

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Where pleasure-loving youth is sacrificed,
And gray-haired age its daily homage pays.
And you whose visual orbs have been eclipsed
With shadows that no morn can e'er disperse
Till earth's opacity shall pass away
And light shall break in splendor on the soul ;
Who grope your lonely way among the thorns
That sin has planted in our fertile soil ;
Whose weary feet must travel leagues to learn
What eyes may gather at a single glance ;
Whose ears must hear a thousand grating sounds,
Whose bleeding fingers must compete with eyes
In gathering food for body and for mind ;
You, too, must mingle with the common herd,
Themselves as deaf as adder ne'er was deaf,
Themselves as blind as beetle ne'er was blind ;
And yet commiserate your woful lot
Because you lack what they have ne'er improved ;
Because they lack your sources of delight.
They hear no differences in melody,
'Twixt song of birds and wildcat's savage snarl ;
They know no differences in point of art
'Twixt filing saws and Mozart's symphonies.
To you the world of sound is beautiful ;
Its echoes come intelligent with fact ;
They speak of distance, size, and quality,
Of beauty, grandeur, sympathy, and God.
To your exquisite ears in wisdom formed
Susceptible of culture's highest work,
The world without is resonant with sound,
And only lacks what human skill might give
To form the whole in one grand orchestra.

The birds can imitate, and might be trained
To sing the treble in the matinee ;
The beasts have voices—alto, tenor, base,
And might be taught to join the general chant ;
Niagara's thunder and old ocean's roar
Would make the double base and all complete.
But this, alas ! will never be achieved,
For men are worshipers of pleasant sights,
And would if possible convert the world
To one magnificent kaleidescope.
To you we therefore offer safe escort
With us across the starry field of Mars,
And thence across the plane of Jupiter,
To Saturn with his satellites and rings.
There in the shadow of his inner ring,
Where heat of sun can never scorch nor tan ;
Where lunar rays make no precocious love ;
Where night, the sire of sleep, forever reigns,
And dreams are made of substance tangible ;
Where all the air is tremulous with sound,
And every voice is smooth and musical ;
Where e'en the frogs—if any frogs there be—
Shall croak in tune with hawks and hooting owls,
And night-birds warble in the common key ;
There all the sightless from the several spheres
I'd colonize—myself among the rest.
Our zone would be five hundred miles in breadth,
One hundred 'neath the ring and two each side ;
Forever shrouded in perpetual gloom,
Where not a ray of light nor seeing eye
Of man, or beast, or bird, or creeping thing
Shall ever come, to make us envious ;

Where sound shall be the medium of thought,
And every voice reveal true character ;
Where echoes come as tuneful messengers
To tell the ear what light here tells the eye.
In lieu of solar heat to warm the air,
And give to seeds their germinating force,
Internal fires shall irradiate
Through Saturn's crust a mild and genial ray,
To warm the sap of plant and blood of beast.
With eyeless fish from Mammoth's stygian stream
We'll stock the waters of our echo land ;
Our beasts of burden we shall doubtless find
Among its shadows fitted to our use.
Of institutions, government, and laws
We may not speak for want of time and space ;
They will, no doubt, be free and liberal,
According just and equal rights to all,
With equal chances for development.
Then if a grant of land can be obtained
From Saturn's nondescript inhabitants,
Enough to make thirteen confederate States,
With rivers, lakes, and seas to float their craft,
And free access to southern Africa,
From whence a Congo eel may now and then
Be angled up to stock this new abode,
To furnish food for missionary maws ;
There would I colonize the malcontents
Of North and South, with liberty to croak,
Or do whatever else may please them best
Within the boundaries of their broad domain.
But they shall not invade our Echo land,
Nor even come within its peaceful shade,

To sow their seeds of social discontent,
Nor breathe their taint of moral pestilence
Among its happy, prosperous denizens.
Nor am I moved by malice in this scheme,
But motives of unmixed benevolence ;
For there can be no place this side of heaven
More beautiful than Saturn's temperate zone.
His seven moons revolving in the plane
Of two majestic rings that span the heavens
From east to west, a glorious, gilded arch,
Reflecting light of sun, and all the moons
With dazzling splendor, every night and day
For fifteen years of our measurement—
Must be a spectacle for angel eyes,
And would, I trust, so occupy the mind,
And elevate the thoughts of those who gaze,
That there would be no room for selfish aims,
For pot-house plots, nor treasonable designs.
While those contented with their earthly lot,
To wear out life each in his stupid way,
And make the best of sublunary things,
Would then be left to cultivate the arts,
Build schools and churches, railroads and canals,
Improve their harbors, navigate their streams,
Dig down the mountains for their mineral wealth,
Enrich the vales and fertilize the plains,
Till all the land with plenteous harvests shine.
You who are ready, join our motley train
En route across the starry field of Mars,
And thence across the plane of Jupiter,
For Saturn with his satellites and rings !
Hook on the engine, clear the ethereal track !

Look out for asteroid and aerolite !
The steam is up, we're off—look never back ;
Earth's mountains, lakes, and streams, good night,
good night !

VOICES OF THE PASSIONS.

AS evil passions kindle in the eye
And in the heart their fierce infernal fires,
So in the human voice, they speak to me
Of secret longing and of base desires.
Of hate intense or love inordinate,
Of appetite or lust beyond control,
Of every thought that vice doth generate
To mar the sacred image of the soul.
Each to the voice imparts an element
Or quality of tone, perceptible
To ears at which the soul sits most intent
To catch the faintest echo that may fall.
To those of us who can not read the heart
By what its life hath sculptured on the brow,
These vocal sounds strange history do impart
Of chastity and peace, or sin and wo.
They tell us of a moral world within,
What clouds of doubt obscure its mental sky,
What deserts of remorse, what sloughs of sin,
What palaces of hope in ruin lie.
What evil passions stalk among its shrines
Of sainted memories and holy vows ;
How cautiously they work their foul designs ;

What boding shadows gather on their brows ;
How eagerly they catch the faintest wish
To feast the senses on impure delights ;
With what infernal sophistry they hush
The voice of conscience, with their plea of rights.
With husky voices and with clamorous tongues,
They gather round the soul's best sympathies,
Luring to vice with lewd and sensual songs,
Tempting the taste with poisons in disguise.
With ready pencil and consummate skill,
They copy nature in her vilest guise,
Obscene designs that fiends with pleasure thrill,
From which the angels turn with tearful eyes.
Thus to their work they prostitute the arts,
To fill the mind with false imaginings ;
Seductive tales to poison youthful hearts,
Vain dreamers write, and love-sick poets sing.
If closely analyzed by ears acute,
A marked resemblance in tone is heard
Between the voices of the man and brute,
When brutal passions in the breast are stirred.
In some we hear the serpent's subtle hiss,
In some a bearish growl of discontent,
In some a swinish grunt of selfish bliss,
With some a roar of boasted prowess blent.
In some we hear the peacock's vain conceit,
In some a mudoish bray of stubbornness ;
In some the lamb's and lion's voices meet,
Now gentle as a child, now furious.
In some we hear the mingled mew and whine
Of cautious cat, and fawning, cowering cur ;
In combinations such as this, we find

The sycophant or private pensioner.
In some is heard the horrid dissonance
Of wildcat's screech and mastiff's savage snarl ;
A vocal jargon such as this, presents
The vixen, termagant, virago, quarrel.
The gossip's gabble finds no parallel
In reptile, bird, or beast, or creeping thing,
Except the goose and parrot's chattering tell
A corresponding taste for tattling.
The voice of envy is no sound of earth,
But echoed from that cavernous abyss
Where green-eyed jealousy and hate had birth,
Where flaming serpents ever writhe and hiss ;
Where angels, fallen from their first estate,
Are bound in chains of everlasting fire,
In ever-during darkness doomed to wait
Till sun, and moon, and stars, and time expire ;
Where sin of disobedience was born ;
Where tyranny its bloody deeds records ;
Where treason, treachery, deceit, and scorn,
With proud ambition, meet their just rewards.
Each hath a voice which to the practiced ear
Is fraught with meaning, method, and design ;
The nasal twang, the aspirate, the sneer,
In every human voice expression find.

SONGS OF SPRING.

APRIL.

WITH what new joy, what rapturous delight,
Such as alone he feels whose ear is tuned
In sweet accord with nature's harmony,
Such as alone he knows whose day is night,
Save when relieved by some familiar sound,
Or some bright thought illumines his mental sky ;

Oft have I stood beneath the starry dome,
Unmindful of the gems that glittered there,
Or early flowers smiling at my feet,
And listened to the sound from woodland home
Of piping frogs and night-birds, till the air
Was resonant with song and love complete.

Who has not heard, and wondered as he heard,
The million voices of the coming spring,
With every April shower and dewy eve ?
What wakening thoughts in nature's bosom stirred !
What notes of love these million voices sing !
What words of sweet companionship they breathe !

It is averred by naturalists, I ween,
That water-newts or tritons oft become
So much enamored of the croaking frog,
His basso voice, and coat of dingy green,
That they will leave their distant marshy home
And creep for miles to share his merry bog.

Thus in some dark morass, or stagnant moat,
These sirens of the swamp do congregate,
Tuning their pipes to one triumphant key ;
That key is F, with C the ruling note,
Or dominant, with which they celebrate
Their nuptial ties in one grand symphony.

In this all nature joins ; the floods awake
From their long winter's sleep, and through the vale
Their waters pour with headlong, rushing sound ;
From every hillside singing fountains break,
And to the echoes tell their babbling tales,
Till all the wondering woods with songs resound.

Long I have listened to this ceaseless flow
Of melody from marsh and meadow-stream,
As on the moistened air its cadence rose,
Then gently fell, at times so soft and low
That one might fancy all this life a dream,
And all this busy world wrapped in repose.

Then, slowly swelling into life and song,
As if awakening from a pleasant sleep,
Once more arose this tide of melody,
Bearing upon its surging breast along,
Love messages from many a rocky steep,
And sweet returns from many a budding tree.

High on his perch, the robin tribute pays
In notes so full of wild, delicious joy,

That his fair consort honors them at sight,
And cashes each with one of her own lays.
And blue-birds too, their vocal powers employ,
To sing of love from early morn till night.

The sparrow, first to hail the opening spring,
And melt away the frost that round our hearts
Through all the dreary winter gathers there,
Now on his thorny perch folds up his wing,
And to the partner of his joy imparts
New zeal for all her busy toil and care.

As in the ground she hollows out her nest
Beneath the shelter of some friendly root,
And with the softest mosses lines it well,
Her paramour, her honored lord confessed,
Beguiles her weary task with song and lute,
And tales of love that birds alone can tell.

Among the branches of some lofty oak,
A flock of crows have met in conclave dire,
Doubtless to plot some plan of public fraud ;
As often in convention wiser folk
Against their God and government conspire,
And madly vote the higher law outlawed.

Because, forsooth, it no distinction draws
Of caste or color ; all alike are free,
And all amenable to law and right ;
Refers creation to the First Great Cause
Confers no title, sanctions no degree,
But reasserts that right alone is might.

But pardon this digression, and return,
Lest in our absence, reader, we shall find
Our bevy of *Corvidæ* quite adjourned,
Perchance to some fresh field of sprouting corn,
Or o'er some luckless lamb, or famished hind,
Holding high carnival, quite unconcerned ;

Regardless of the petty ills of life,
And circling round and round with merry caw,
As though the blight of death had not been there.
Thus vultures of the genus *homo* thrive—
Solicitors and sharpers of the law,
Who find their victims in some tangled snare,

And though he be not dead, they pick his bones ;
Then o'er his mangled hopes and prospects hold
A carnival, with merry song and jest ;
Good fellow once, that, every body owns,
When fortune smiled, and toned her smiles with gold ;
But when revulsion came—you know the rest !

MAY.

THE month of May, with her abundant wealth
Of bees and blossoms, song and social health,
Her sunny days and fertilizing rain,
Returns with pledge of plenty once again.
On all the furrowed fields her blessings fall,
Partial to none, she smiles alike on all ;
Her dewy breath with every rising morn
Moistens the earth, and wakes the springing corn,
Shakes from the trees whatever is profuse,
Or too redundant for their present use.
Deep in the ground she sends her piercing beams,
To quicken the grain and warm the hidden streams
Of living water that are buried there.
Now to the flocks she comes with tender care,
And for their coats of heavy winter fur
She gives them robes as light as gossamer.
Each bird replumed now smooths his shining crest,
And of all nature's work he stands confessed
Most beautiful ; with merry notes he fills
His swelling throat, till the woodland thrills.
Yet have I turned from beauties such as these,
To linger in the shadow of the spreading trees
Around my own loved home, where all the day
My willing wife beguiles the hours away
With toil and song, contented thus to share
A burthen which alone I could not bear.
For though the heart may gush with gratitude
For what may be in sympathy bestowed,

Or e'en the comforts that cold duty brings,
Yet how it needs the love that springs
From kindred hearts ; some true and trusting friend
Who would, if need be, all her being lend
To save us from one hour of bitter grief,
And then forgive the debt, if but relief
Shall come at last, and with it one kind word,
One pledge of love, her ear alone has heard.
At length the cuckoo comes with drowsy song,
And though she brings her paramour along,
She builds no nest, she rears no tender shoots ;
In fact, she has no taste for low pursuits.
To foreign nurseries she commits her trust
For incubation ; why indeed she must.
She has no heart for such an undertaking,
Dyspepsia and ennui her nerves have shaken.
Is she too proud to feed her little cuck ?
Oh ! no, but she has found a pleasant brook,
And she is fond of brooks, and company ;
Though dull herself, she loves society,
And with her gay companions, idle too,
She loves to sit and sing, " Cuckoo, cuckoo !"
Should any mother's bosom feel a pang
At what the poet or the cuckoo sang,
Let her dismiss her pampered poodle cur,
And call her darling Freddy back to her.
Don't send him to the nursery to be taught
What he ought not to do and what he ought ;
Don't send him to an infant-school, to cram
His little brain with, " He is, Thou art, I am,"
The names of rivers, breadth of sea and land,
And all such stuff he can not understand ;

But take him to your heart, unfold his mind,
Answer his thousand questions, let him find
In every thing a meaning, not so great
Or deep but his young mind can penetrate.
Give him his kite, his hoop, his top and ball ;
And when he has grown weary of them all,
Tell him a fairy tale, if not too long,
To start the buds of poetry and song ;
And ere his little eyes are dim with sleep,
Teach him to pray, " O God ! in mercy keep
Our darling Freddy through the long dark night,
And wake him with the touch of morning light,
Refreshed by sleep, with all his friends again,
His kind papa and dear mamma. Amen."
By discipline like this you'll sow the seeds
Of piety, that spring to noble deeds
Of virtue, honor, and of moral worth,
To people with men, not mummies, God's fair earth.
Whatever God created, he produced
With properties essential to their use ;
From insect up to man, from life to mind,
All to the same impartial laws inclined ;
Attraction and repulsion, love and hate,
The two extremes of circular and straight ;
By these great laws the universe was framed,
And every world in harmony sustained.
The polypi, firm rooted 'neath the flood,
Extend their arms and blindly feel for food ;
Take what they love, and what they hate reject ;
And man does little more in this respect.
Love is the positive electric state ;
Nor is its negative or absence, hate ;

They two attract, the first the last inspires,
Profusion is what famine most desires ;
But when surcharged with vanity and pride,
Two minds approach, there's naught to be supplied.
Hence each for each a strong repugnance feels,
And each condemns in each what each reveals ;
So when a heart unsatisfied with self,
Finds in its vaults no store of hidden wealth,
Impelled by that strange power that love imparts,
It seeks a treasure in some other hearts ;
A single glance may strike the electric chord,
Or conscious blush some doubtful clue afford ;
To words alone, resistless passions throng,
The natural language of the heart is song.

SONG OF THE FROG.

ONE evening as I strolled on the margin of a marsh
And harked to the siren's call,
One voice among the rest more horrible and harsh,
Arose above them all.

But with intonation good and articulation clear,
And with accent full and strong,
On the moistened evening air, came floating to my ear,
This wild Batrachian song.

“Cochug ! Cochug ! I'm here in the bog,
And they call me a skink and a skusic,

Because I inherit the voice of a frog,
And an ear for marsh-al music.

'Tis true ! I do ! I inherit a few
Of the notes of the ancient *Ranidæ*,
And I'd take to the town with my musical crew,
If they wouldn't eat frogs there on Friday.

Porow ! I vow ! I'm in for it now,
A leech has got hold of my quarter ;
Oh ! how I despise this abominable slough,
I must change my drink to clear water.

Complete ! how sweet ! there are somebody's feet
Got fast in this miserable mire ;
But I guess they are mine, if judge from the peat
That came up when I rose to respire.

Arouse ! Cosouse ! there is somebody's spouse
Just slipped from a log in the water ;
Or else 'tis a tree-toad come down to carouse
At a hop, with my good lady's daughter.

There are Tritons and Sals with their blue balmorals,
Good enough for the tree-toad to flirt with ;
But the dear little 'poles that my good wife controls,
Can't be mixed in any such dirt with.

I am lord of the bog, I'm the royal bull-frog,
And though Pat and I never could tether,

I've drunk with him here on the end of this log—
With Paddy and Biddy together.

But no honors be paid to Pat and his spade,
For he drains all the swamps and the prairies,
Leaves nary a pond where the poor frog can wade,
For his worship is whisky and fairies.

There are Frederick and Hans, they're the patrons of
ponds,
Let the water be muddy or clear ;
No matter what reptiles deposit their spawns,
It all makes good lager-beer.

We frogs have an eye to what good people buy,
And though our coats fit very well,
A Yankee would skin us if he thought there was in us
A cent's worth of stuff he could sell.

John Bull is hale with his noggin of ale,
And honest enough after dinner ;
But take him in trade, with his 'ead full of sale,
And my word—he's a pretty tough sinner.

This world, O dear ! is crooked and queer,
Of evil a base receptacle,
Some deeds are done—you may think me severe—
Too mean for the song of a reptile.

And now, my friend, perhaps you are pained
At what I have sung of the races ;

But allow me to say, before I end,
We frogs wouldn't like to change places.*

My rambles have been few on the margin of that marsh,
Since the night of the song thus related ;
For although it may be true, I thought it rather harsh,
And most too frankly stated.

MELODIES OF SUMMER.

JUNE.

JUNE has come with flowing tresses,
And with beaming eyes she blesses
All the green trees and grasses in the land ;
Though she brings the heat of summer,
They will gather freshness from her,
And will ripen into beauty by her hand.

June has come with rosy fingers,
And with every leaf she lingers,
Tracing wavy lines of beauty round its edge ;
What a charm to all the roses
Her enchanting touch discloses,
And she flowers e'en the thistles in the hedge.

With a thousand pleasant voices
In the woodland she rejoices,
Making music with the fountains in the dell ;

But of all the merry jingle,
In the meadow or the dingle,
The Bobolink's cadenza does excel.

SONG OF THE BOBOLINK.

(To be read rapidly.)

JUNE may kindle, kindle, kindle with her sunshine,
And her heat, till there is wheat, till there is wheat
For Bobolink and Mrs. Lincoln, very sweet,
And good to eat, and good to eat.

You may tinkle, tinkle, tinkle through the meadows
With your scythes among the clover till it crinkle,
I can hide my Lady Lincoln in a twinkle
In a bunch of periwinkle.

Oh ! there never comes a shadow round the heart
Of Robert Lincoln ; he is gay and he is merry ;
He can sing among the shadows or in sunshine,
And is very happy, very.

When the days are long and dreamy in the summer,
On a mullein you may see me gently swaying
In the breezes, while my heart is overflowing
With my love for Lady Lincoln.

You will tremble, tremble, tremble when I tell you
Of my very risky rambles in Carolina—
In the swamps of sunny South-Carolina,
And the cotton-fields of Georgia.

And how your ears will tingle, tingle at the story,
And your silent tears will mingle with my sorrow
For the poor degraded creatures who are toiling
In the cotton-fields of Georgia.

In the dank and slimy marshes of Carolina,
When the heat of summer parches like a furnace,
And the air is foul with fever and contagion—
Naked, toiling in the marshes.

While among the cool bananas with their rifles,
Gayly smoking their Havanas, stroll the planters,
Seeking wild fowl and fruit among the foliage,
Dealing death to all the Lincolns.

“You’re a shot,” I heard them saying, “that is charming ;
You will do to teach those praying, skulking Yankees
How to sing their psalms and hymns among the mountains,
And let well enough alone.”

“We will practice, while they preach of human bondage,
And be ready, Tom, to teach with minie bullets

All such canting, sniveling creatures as the Bee-
chers,
Quite a different kind of tactics."

You are personal, I thought, and very bitter
Toward a people who are taught that human free-
dom
Is the natural right of all, without distinction :
There is meaning in this menace.

Here's a hatred for the peoples of the Northland,
Of the land of schools and steeples, thrift and
plenty,
Where the birds and bees are happy in the meadows,
And where all alike are free.

Then said I to Madam Lincoln, Call your family ;
There is safety now, I think, in emigration ;
We will change our coats of butternut, for sable
Tipped with white around the edges.

We will leave this land of ease and dissipation,
For a home among the trees of bright New-England,
Where contentment, health, and virtue come of labor
In the land of steady habits.

There, among the merry birds of brilliant plumage,
On the thistle or the herd's grass gently waving,
Near the nest of Lady Lincoln in the meadow,
Now in safety I am singing.

June may kindle, kindle, kindle with her sunshine
And her heat, till there is wheat, till there is wheat
For Bobolink and Mrs. Lincoln, very sweet,
And good to eat, and good to eat.

Next to Robert's pompous presto,
But with much less swell and gusto,
Comes the carol of the cherry-bird or robin ;
And though in its measures mingle
None of Bob's metallic tingle,
Every note with wildest ecstasy is throbbing.

When the trees with dew are dripping,
And the bees the sweets are sipping,
Ever eager to renew their winter's store ;
Then the robin at his leisure,
Warbles out in careless measure,
From his cherry-bough, this carol evermore.

CAROL OF THE ROBIN.

CARELLA, Carella, my darling Carella,
All my being is wild with emotion,
Every note in my throat nearly chokes as I tell her
How constant has been my devotion.
Carolee, Carolee, my soft-eyed Carella,
My light-winged Carella, Carolee.

I see thee, Carella, thy soft bosom blushes,
And as mine but reflects it again,
So my heart with a fountain of song ever gushes
To echo thy amorous strain.

Carolee, Carolee, my soft-eyed Carella;
My light-winged Carella, Carolee.

We have found us a home by a dear little cottage,
And built us a nest in the plum,
Where our brood will be safe from incursion and outrage;
Here falcon or hawk never come.

Carolee, Carolee, my soft-eyed Carella,
My light-winged Carella, Carolee.

By and by when the cherries have ripened to brownness,
And the richest of juices have filled them,
To the banquet we'll go with our family around us,
For to us the good Maker has willed them.

Carolee, Carolee, my soft-eyed Carella,
My light-winged Carella, Carolee.

To birds He gave wings to soar high in mid-heaven,
And hung up His fruits there to feed them;
But to man nor to beast no such pinions were given—
In fact, we can't see that they need them.

Carolee, Carolee, my soft-eyed Carella,
My light-winged Carella, Carolee.

For as the fruits ripen they fall in abundance,
While the soft waiting grasses receive them;

And still the trees bend with a copious redundancy,
And sigh for the birds to relieve them.

Carolee, Carolee, my soft-eyed Carella,
My light-winged Carella, Carolee.

In the top of this tree, through its branches I see
Just turning its coat, one Marella ;
First fruit of the season—I offer it to thee,
On the shrine of my love, sweet Carella.
Carolee, Carolee, my soft-eyed Carella,
My light-winged Carella, Carolee.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN HARVEST-TIME.

CLATTERING across the sunny plain,
With gleaming knives among the grain,
Like a swift chariot of flame
The reaper is flying.
In close pursuit, with skillful hand,
The binders twine the circling band ;
Till one by one, the bundles stand
In the sun drying.

But hark ! a welcome sound once more,
Above the reaper's rattling roar,
And the ceaseless hiss of the rustling straw,
The breezes bring.

Now to each listening ear is borne
The sharp, clear note of the supper-horn,
From the cottage across the grassy lawn,
 Hard by the spring.

Thither the weary men repair,
Nor find a doubtful welcome there,
But a table spread with the choicest fare
 From the farmer's shelf.
Huge loaves of bread, like banks of snow,
With honey bright as the morning dew,
And delicious fruits, that would tempt anew
 Mother Eve herself,

The board in rich abundance press ;
Melons, that melt in mellowness,
And butter, that vies in yellowness
 With the straggling beam,
That through the leafy lattice strolls,
The crimson curtains' fluttering folds,
And o'er the whitened wainscot rolls,
 A gilded stream.

With snowy arms, and cheeks that glow
With a flush of health that none may know
Who sport on fashion's streams, that flow
 With froth and foam,
The farmer's wife and daughters three
Pour the cool milk or turn the tea,
And naught is dealt out grudgingly
 In the farmer's home.

Their appetites at length appeased,
The table of its burden eased,
And e'en the wife and daughters pleased
 With the honors done,
The men with freer, firmer tread,
With stomach developed, if not the head,
And a better backbone, as the farmer said,
 To the field return.

The table soon with clang and clatter,
Is cleared of knife, and spoon, and platter,
Amid the din of children's chatter,
 And querulous mew
Of coaxing cats upon the door-sill,
Each impatient for the morsel
That scraping pans and kettles foretell
 Is soon their due.

Around their trough with clamorous squeal,
The pigs demand their evening meal,
And bleating calves their wants reveal
 In the general din.
Along the lane, with tinkling bell,
The lowing kine their coming tell ;
And soon the boys, with flowing pail,
 Come whistling in.

Scarcely the reaper's task had ended,
When evening o'er the plain descended ;
But by the lamps that night suspended
 From her dusky dome,

The farmer saw with secret pleasure
In sheltering shock his hard-earned treasure,
And thanking heaven at his leisure,
He hastened home.

Gladly his men had left the field ;
For well each sun-burnt face revealed
The day's fatigue ; but sleep soon sealed
Their weary eyes.
O welcome sleep ! to mortals sent,
When the last energy is spent,
That with new strength by Heaven lent,
The man may rise !

But sleep like this is seldom found
In the city proud or the crowded town,
Where feast and the flowing bowl go round—
The fruit of ease.
Labor and health have long been wed ;
The man should labor for his bread
With body or mind, with hand or head,
And for equal praise.

For why is one calling more refined
Than any other honest kind,
If the highest powers of body or mind
Are employed ? say why ?
Because it can wear a starched cravat,
Or stalks about in a beaver hat,
Or steals from the poor like a thievish rat ?
That's all in the eye.

Now at the farm-house quiet reigned,
No duty unperformed remained ;
The careful boys to labor trained,
 Their task fulfilled ;
The box of seasoned maple-wood
In its accustomed corner stood ;
And cedar kindlings, dry and good,
 The other piled.

The silent moon, with pale, sweet face,
Had slowly climbed to her wonted place,
And many a silvery line had traced
 O'er the dewy lawn.
Now all is hushed in sweet repose,
Save the stream that from the cool spring flows,
That with its burden ever goes,
 But never gone.

With noiseless feet and soft caresses,
Among the corn the night-wind passes,
Combing and curling its silken tresses,
 As if to woo.
Oh ! what an hour for love is this !
The very air sheds tears of bliss,
Sprinkling the flowers at every kiss
 With crystal dew.

Now side by side two shadows move
Across the plain, toward the grove ;
But whether the forms or shadows love
 Hath not been sung.

At length, beneath a whispering tree
They stop and whisper ; now we see
That she is beautiful, and he
 Is fair and young.

But who they are we may not guess ;
'Tis sweet thus early to confess
The springs of gushing tenderness
 That well from the heart.
A moment when no leaf is stirred,
In trembling tones a vow is heard—
A sigh—a pledge—and the lingering word,
 Good-night ! they part.

But we shall see them once again
Ere yonder setting sun shall wane,
Or oft another horn obtain
 From the pit below.
But now the eastern sky is tinged
With morning's gold and purple fringe ;
And the farmer from his dreams half finished,
 To his toil must go.

The birds begin their morning lay,
With notes as soft as the first faint ray
That breaks from the opening eyes of day,
 In the blue expanse.
But louder soon the chorus swells ;
The thrush is heard in the leafy dells,
And the bobolink his rapture tells
 As the hours advance.

At length the barn's capacious bay
Is filled with fragrant, new-mown hay,
From sill to plate well packed away,
E'en rafter high.

While from the peak to second floor,
The thrifty farmer sees once more,
In full ripe sheaf, his shining store
Of wheat and rye.

The bearded barley high he piles
Above the centre beam, and fills,
With shocks of yellow corn, the aisles,
To husk at will.

The oats, to bushels long ago
Have fallen, beneath the bounding blow,
And many a pea has felt the throe
Of his swinging flail.

The barley, from its sheaf beheld,
By the dingy light that from crevice fell,
In visions dread, the brewer's hell
In its future lot.

It saw perchance, that its life must pass
From the filthy vat to the boy's first glass ;
That youth and beauty must fade, alas !
In the bloated sot.

What visions reveled in the head
Of the glossy rye hath not been said ;
Or whether it dreamed of beer, or bread
For beast or man.

Or did it wot of flaming eyes—
Of the bloated face, or the maniac's cries,
From the bite of that worm that never dies
 In our goodly land ?

Still for a nobler end designed,
Than feeding hungry horse or hind,
Or bloated sot, or brewer's swine,
 The wheat remained.
Among the shadows, bright it lay,
Through many a mellow autumn day,
Dreaming, no doubt, of a milky way
 To some happy end.

At length, the ample floor was cleared,
The thresher on its platform reared,
And to the ponderous power geared
 The toiling horse.
With slow and solemn tread he moves,
The band is drawn along its grooves,
And though endless, yet the end pursues
 In its rapid course.

With yawning mouth the thresher stands,
And in a husky voice demands
The gathered wealth of all the lands—
 Its rightful claim.
Creature of earth is this machine,
Thought I, and yet, I oft have seen
Avarice greater than this, I ween,
 But must not name.

The motion slow had rapid grown—
The whisper strengthened to a tone—
Then, rising to a piercing moan,
 Dread fear inspires.
Now all is hurry to and fro ;
Hither and thither the workmen go,
Each to his post, to hand or throw,
 As the post requires.

A bundle from the mow descends—
The boy has cut the circling bands,
And quickly to the feeder hands
 The shining sheaf.
Boldly it meets destruction's face ;
Upon the slanting apron placed,
It falls a martyr to the race
 In the cause of teeth.

With savage roar, the monster draws
Each morsel in its grinding jaws,
Then tosses in air the mangled straws
 With his lifting tail.
Another bundle headlong rushes—
With horrid teeth the monster crushes—
But only for a moment hushes
 His piercing wail.

His iron stomach fairly passed,
The grain upon the sieve is cast ;
While to an artificial blast
 The chaff is given.

The broken heads that still retain
Much of the plump but clinging grain,
Are lifted to the mouth again,
And through are driven.

Stripped from its husk, each kernel falls,
And to the filling bushel rolls ;
While with his chalk the carrier scrawls
Each brimming measure.
In hungry sacks the grain is poured,
And in the ample granary stored ;
The record on the tally-board
We'll count at leisure.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

AT peace with our half of earth and heaven,
The sun had set ; and from the western hills
Had slowly gathered up his straggling beams,
To bless our neighbors on the other side,
And weave new twilight for the coming morn.
Like some good man, whose generous life is spent
In deeds of mercy to his fellow-man,
(And blessing all, is blessed himself in turn,)
Then sinks to rest, so calm and beautiful,
That e'en the pathway to the good man's tomb
Is brighter than the bad man's road to fame.
So, at the close of one bright summer's day,
Calm and serene the cloudless sun went down ;

But left behind a legacy of stars,
The rich inheritance of ancient night.
There was no moon ; and yet, 'tis passing strange
That poet's dream should be without a moon
On such a night, to scatter far and wide
Her silvery darts among the grand old trees,
To fright the shadows from their cool retreat,
And dim the stars, now sprinkled o'er the lake
Like pearls upon the breast of some fair maid.
But so it was ; the pale-faced queen of night
Was with her lord ; perchance to trim her lamp,
Or gather glory from his radiant brow.
Yet, there was love and music all the same ;
And running brooks, and sparkling waterfalls,
And starlit vales, and echoes from the hills,
And voices from the grove so glad and free,
That one would deem the day, with all its toil
And scorching heat, had kindly turned to earth
Its shadowy side, to weep with dewy tears
For all the sorrows that each hour had brought.
Along the margin of that peaceful lake,
Two forms are slowly moving ; now they pause
And seat themselves upon a shelving rock
That darkly overhangs the water's edge.
Another step, and both had fallen from
The rocky ledge among the crags below.
But they are safe, and seated side by side
Beneath the holy eyes of sheltering heaven,
And both are happy in each other's love.
To her fond eyes, no form is half so fair,
No scene so bright as Hafed's happy face.
To his enraptured ear, no sound so pure,

No music so inspiring to his soul,
As fair Decada's soft and winning voice.
With hand like hers to guide his willing steps,
He knows no danger, dreads no dire event,
Save that of being parted from her love,
By those who underrate his moral worth,
His manly courage and his powers of mind.
With form erect, and tread as firm he walks,
As though the stars had ever shone for him ;
As though the moon had shed her silvery beams
Along his lonely pathway all his life ;
As though the sun had risen at his birth
And touched with holy light his infant eyes,
To kindle in their depths the visual fire.
Like an inverted sky before him lies,
Now set with starry gems, the slumbering lake.
A fruitful valley stretches far away,
Where mountain peaks like gloomy giants stand
In bold relief against the evening sky ;
But Hafed's eyes, alas ! behold them not.
Though from each summit streamed volcanic fire,
Though all the vale were bathed in purest light,
Though suns were mirrored in the watery plain,
The thoughts of Hafed would not be more bright ;
His inner life lit by a holier star,
His soul illumined with a purer light,
His fancy sketches clothed in richer hues.
But both are silent—both are wrapped in thought—
In dreamy thought, too deep for utterance.
She sees a meteor flash across the sky,
And fears her happiness may be thus brief.
He hears the tuneful cricket in the hedge,

And hopes his life may be thus gayly spent ;
He hears the night-birds flitting through the trees,
And wonders if they wish 'twere always night ;
He hears the katy-did upon her bough,
Disputing ever in a quarreling way
With katy-didn't on another tree,
And wonders if some families he had known,
Would not be edified as he had been,
With such a sample of domestic bliss.
He hears the tree-toad with his ringing voice,
Forever rolling his eternal R ;
Yet in this song he hears no warning note,
No sound prophetic of approaching storm,
But only love—the song that nature taught.
He hears the leaflets whispering in the breeze,
Their words of welcome to the drops of dew
That night distills to quench their longing thirst,
And wonders if each tongue is tuned to sing
In harmony with nature's song of praise,
Ascending ever to the throne of God.
He hears a million insect voices blent
In ceaseless song ; and mutely wonders if
That flowing, swelling, pulsing melody
Makes up the treble in the grand *Te Deum*.
He hears the thunders of the cataract
Far down the vale ; the mountains' hollow roar,
As from their caves responsive echoes speak.
He hears the forest's low and trembling tone,
And wonders if those grave, sub-organ notes,
Are not the base of nature's hymn of praise.
He hears the rippling waves that softly beat
Against the rocks below ; each has a voice,

And speaks to him of beauty and repose ;
They tell him that this world is not all dark ;
That similar waves of throbbing, liquid light
Break on the eye, and thrill the brain with joy.
That these proceed from sun, and moon, and stars ;
That every object upon which they fall,
Reflects them with an impress of itself,
Just as these rocks resist our ceaseless throb,
And leave their impress for an instant on
Our watery hands, as back we bound to sea.
Thus to the eye is brought each pleasing view
Of shape, and size, and color well-defined,
Of every object within vision's scope,
In God's material universe.
At length Decada speaks, and Hafed hears ;
All else is mute when fair Decada speaks.
I know thee, Hafed, for a connoisseur
Of heaven's divinest art ; pray tell me, then,
Are all these sounds we hear a wild chaos,
A senseless jargon of unmeaning noise,
Discordant in themselves, without design
To change or modulate to any key,
Or harmonize in any known chord ?
The flowers appear in every brilliant hue,
From purest white to darkest shade of red ;
The fruits go through the whole chromatic scale
Of gorgeous tints, from white to glossy black.
The leaves with their prevailing color, green,
Present a picture so well harmonized,
That one grows never weary of the scene.
But these discordant sounds grate on the ear,
And fill its chambers with confusion dire.

If men would train the ear, Hafed replies,
As carefully as they now train the eye ;
If music had a home in every heart,
And found its votaries in every cot ;
If all the qualities of sound were known,
What they convey of character and form,
Of distance, magnitude, and even color,
Then Nature's voice would have the power to please,
As well as Nature's face or Nature's dress.
A pleasant voice would fascinate the ear,
And thrill the heart with love's electric fire,
As surely as the eye can drink the light,
And feel the magnet of another's eye.
The soul is heard in every tone of voice,
As it is seen in each expressive face.
It speaks of culture, innocence or guilt,
Grossness or refinement, love or hate,
Of all the sorrows it has ever known,
Where living springs of sympathy abound,
And e'en the buried hopes of long ago
Speak from their graves, like voices from the dead.
Some sounds are rough and grating to the ear—
Some colors, harsh and dingy to the eye ;
Some sounds are shrill and painful to the ear—
Some colors, bright and dazzling to the sight ;
In each a close analogy is traced ;
Both are produced by waves that strike the nerves,
And to the mind convey their special sense.
Vibration is the cause of both, no doubt.
The sense of touch, superior to the rest,
Embraces in its grasp the object sought,
And brings the mind in contact with the world.

'Tis wonderful how wisely God ordained
That when one avenue of sense is closed,
The others broader grow ; and larger thoughts
And wider views come in to cheer the mind.
The ear becomes more sensitive to sound ;
Delicious flavors in the food are found,
Exquisite odors greet the olfactory nerves,
And mind grasps matter through the fingers' ends.
The eyeless fish found in the Stygian streams
Of every cavern's rayless solitude,
Are happy, doubtless, in their midnight gloom.
God knows the measure of His creatures' needs,
And fills each brimming cup of happiness.
"With equal hand he equal good bestows,
And with our blessings balances our woes."
These songsters of the night that we now hear,
Are happy, though their happiness is brief.
They practice well their songs in every key,
From treble C to octave G below ;
But like some wiser folk that I have known,
Make little progress in Apollo's art ;
They sing of love from night till early morn,
From early morn till night, a few brief days,
And life and love is ended with their song.
The mighty God who made their little throats,
And tuned their hearts to such wild melodies,
Did so arrange and harmonize the whole,
That all do praise Him in their sweet accord.

VOICES OF THE MORNING.

THE morning dawned. Before its calm gray light,
The merry twinkle of the eyes of night
Soon faded out, and left the sky a blank.
The birds awoke, and from each tuneful throat
There gushed a flood of such wild melody,
That all the grove was vocal with their songs.
With this wild music Hafed's heart was filled,
Though in his dreams he heard its rapturous swell,
And fancied fair Decada sung to him
Those primal songs that Eve in Eden blessed—
Sung to her lord beneath the spreading palms.
She sung of hope of happier days to come,
Of love untainted by a selfish wish,
Of such devotion and assiduous care
As woman's heart and hand can best bestow;
Of all the longings of his lonely heart,
Its social needs, its moral lights and shades,
Of all the yearnings of his inmost soul
For brighter beams of intellectual light,
That she would be his sunlight and his day,
His guiding star in sorrow's darkest night.
Her careful hand should guide his doubtful steps,
Her loving eyes should be at his command,
Her faithful heart no higher duty know,
Than lavish all its tenderness on him.
Thrilled with delight when he with pleasure smiled,
With anguish weep whene'er his heart was sad.
Thus in his dreams did Hafed seem to hear *

The voice of her whom he had fondly loved,
Nay, almost worshiped from his earliest youth.
In childhood they had played by stream and shore,
And she had been his idol ; he, her pride.
For him she plucked the sweetest flowers that grew,
And gathered pebbles from the meadow brook,
And curious, whispering shells along the lake.
Together they had strayed among the trees
And listened to the wild-birds' native trill,
And gathered berries in the leafy dells.
She told him that the trees were dark and high,
And with their giant arms reached most to heaven ;
That all the mosses and the leaves are green,
And pleasant to the eye as to the touch.
That all the fruits are dyed with richest hues,
And pleasant to the sight as to the taste.
That all the flowers with petals soft and smooth,
Have colors bright as they have odors sweet.
Those happy birds whose songs he loved to hear,
Soar high in air or perch upon the boughs,
With downy breasts and glossy, trembling wings,
Are beautiful as e'en their songs are gay.
Full many a summer hour beside the lake,
In some cool, shady nook, she read to him
From all the marvelous books he loved to hear,
Of good and evil genii, who had built
Enchanted cities, palaces, and towers ;
Of spectre ships with grim and ghostly crews,
Of mermaids singing on enchanted isles,
Of reptile, bird, and beast of every kind,
Of insect, fish, and plant of every name.
Thus through the ear did fact and fiction reach

His mind, and furnish food delectable.
She told him that the sun rose in the east,
And by his presence fills the world with day.
That clouds, like islands in the quiet lake,
Are sometimes floating in the silent sky,
And cast deep shadows like the spreading trees ;
Then Hafed can not feel the sun's warm kiss.
That when the thunder speaks, these clouds grow black,
And angry lightnings flash across the sky.
Then Hafed's hand can feel the falling rain,
His ear can hear the jarring thunder's voice ;
But Hafed can not see the lightning's glare.
She told him that the evening sky was dark,
Save where the glittering stars like silver beads
Are sprinkled thickly o'er its dusky face ;
That when the silent moon rose round and bright,
These stars grew dim before her silver lamp.
Then Hafed said no other hand than God's
Could make a world so beautiful as this ;
No other mind than God's could plan a work
At once so grand, so noble and sublime ;
No power but his could form the starry heavens,
And then create an eye to see their light ;
No love but his could tune all nature's voice,
And fill the listening ear with melody.
Thus in his dreams did Hafed seem to live
His happy days of childhood o'er again ;
And from the past, still echoed in his ear
Decada's voice, her merry ringing laugh,
Her evening songs, her tones of mild reproof,
Her soothing words when Hafed's heart was sad,
Her cheerful tones when Hafed's heart was gay.

Upon his pillow fell the golden beams
Of morning light that through the lattice streamed,
And touched his slumbering eyes, as Jesus touched
The eyes of him who sat beside the way,
And cried, O son of David ! give me sight.
But Hafed's faith was weak ; no Saviour's hand
Had raised the cloudy vail ; yet in the world
Still echoes that sweet voice, Receive thy sight !
Yet Hafed knew that God is just and good ;
That from affliction choicest blessings flow ;
That when this night of earth has passed away,
The morning of eternity shall shine :
And oh ! how brightly to that risen soul
Upon whose sight no morning ever dawned
This side the tomb ; no colors rich and rare,
To charm the eye or fascinate the mind,
No pure transparent pearl like heaven's gate,
No precious stones like Eden's shining wall,
No burnished gold like Eden's dazzling walks,
No sparkling fountains like the spring of life,
No fadeless blossoms like fair Eden's flowers,
No golden fruits like those of Paradise,
No flashing diamonds like the starry crown
Of Him who sits upon the 'ternal throne,
And with his glory fills the universe.
Still Hafed sleeps ; but now his dream is changed.
No longer with the songs of happy birds,
There comes to fancy's ear Decada's voice,
But one less musical and far less kind.
It says, O bard ! thy childhood's days are o'er ;
The little maid whose eyes saw but for thee,
Whose heart throbbed but in sympathy with thine,

Is not the simple girl of other days ;
She's now a woman, to be wooed and won
By fortune's smiles or fame's adoring voice.
The man whom partial nature in her haste,
Has made an easy prey to poverty,
By hiding from his sight the glittering dust,
Thus shutting from his heart the love of gain,
May never hope to win Decada's hand.
So dream no more ; awake to reason's voice ;
The chanticleer with his shrill clarion note
Proclaims aloud the second watch of morn.
Arise ! go forth alone, unloved, unblest.

VOICE OF PRAYER.

ONE night as I passed in my wanderings
Near a widow's humble home,
My thoughts were recalled from their ponderings,
To sounds that issued therefrom.
Entranced I stood 'neath the moon's bright rays,
And harked to that hymn of pious praise.

Three full soprano voices
Arose so clear and sweet,
That my heart e'en now rejoices,
When their burthen I repeat.
The fourth was an alto rich and round,
With a gush of soul in every sound.

HYMN.

When over wrong the right prevails,
Praise God for victory ;
When in its schemes sedition fails,
Praise God for victory ;
When virtuous rule shall be restored,
And vice receive its just reward,
Then shall our tongues with one accord,
Praise God for victory.

When treason shall be overthrown,
Praise God for victory ;
And tyranny no longer known,
Praise God for victory ;
Though to our arms reverses come,
And darken many a happy home,
A risen Saviour lit the tomb ,
Praise God for victory.

What though our sons and brothers bleed ?
Praise God for victory ;
The cause of freedom must succeed ;
Praise God for victory ;
O'er all our nation broad and long,
A race redeemed from fraud and wrong
Shall in one loud, exultant song,
Praise God for victory.

The echoes away to the hills had fled,
And music had ceased from the air,
When, after a portion of Scripture was read,
The sisters knelt down for prayer ;
And the mother bowed with reverent head,
And this was the fervent prayer she said.

PRAYER.

O GOD ! the source of life, and light, and power,
Vouchsafe to hear us in this trying hour.
A nation mourns her sons and patriots slain ;
Confuse Thy foes and freedom's cause sustain.
Come, Saviour, come and bring thy people peace ;
Hasten the time when civil strife shall cease ;
Let not thy judgments, Lord, be too severe,
Regard the orphan's cry and widow's tear ;
Our soldiers' lives are in thy hand to-night ;
Whether in camp or in the deadly fight,
On beds of anguish or in prison cell,
Their various needs, O Lord ! thou knowest well ;
Their cause is Thine ; for liberty and law,
For equal rights, a nation's sword they draw.
When Freedom cailed, they heard her clarion voice,
And flew to arms from duty, not from choice.
And he among the rest—my only son,
The rock I built my worldly hopes upon,
The child thou gavest me in love and tears,
To be the staff of my declining years ;
Oh ! guard his virtue in temptation's hour,
And save his soul from sin's seductive power ;

Let him not languish in those festering pens
Where life by madness from starvation ends ;
But if he die his country's life to save,
Oh ! may he fill a soldier's honored grave.
Be thou his trust, his comforter, his friend,
In life or death till all his trials end ;
But if it be Thy will to spare his life
Until the close of this unhappy strife,
Oh ! bring him back in heart still brave and pure,
And Thine shall be the praise for evermore.

I have heard the pine-trees sighing
 When summer breezes passed,
And echoes shrill replying
 To winter's boreal blast :
I have heard the spring bird's wildest lays,
But naught like that evening hymn of praise.

I have heard the sad sea's moanings
 When of wreck and death it spoke,
I have heard the forest's groanings,
 When tempests shook the oak,
I have heard strange music in earth and air,
But naught so sublime as that evening prayer.

I have heard of the comet's wanderings
 Among the affrighted stars ;
I have heard Niagara's thunderings,
 And felt the earthquake's jars ;
I have heard the hills from their bases tear,
But naught so grand as the voice of prayer.

'Tis the wail of a sin-sick spirit,
Oppressed with guilt and shame,
With faith in the atoning merit
Of Christ, the bleeding Lamb :
And if ever heaven we hope to share,
'Twill be through the pleading voice of prayer.

SONG OF THE CICADA.

I'M the primitive plague, just hatched from an egg,
'Neath the sod where my mother had laid it
Full seventeen years ago, it appears
From the date on the shell, where she made it.
Pharaoh ! Pharaoh ! let them go, let them go.
There is woe, there is woe to Pharaoh !

But, stranger to tell, when I came from my shell
In my chrysalis form as they called me,
Not a sign of a wing, nor any such thing,
Could be seen of the crust that enthralled me.
Pharaoh ! Pharaoh ! let them go, let them go.
There is woe, there is woe to Pharaoh !

A loathsome gray bug, with a head like a slug—
I climbed to a bush, that sustained me,
Till nature should crack the crust on my back,
And these pinions my freedom should gain me.
Pharaoh ! Pharaoh ! let them go, let them go.
There is woe, there is woe to Pharaoh !

And lo ! here I sit on the end of this chit
Of a cherry sprout all the day long,
And burrow the bark for my lady an ark
Wherein to deposit her young.
Pharaoh ! Pharaoh ! let them go, let them go.
There is woe, there is woe to Pharaoh !

Next fall it shall die when its sap shall be dry,
And fall to the ground with its treasure ;
So our life is renewed in each little brood,
When the cycle of years they shall measure.
Pharaoh, Pharaoh ! let them go, let them go.
There is woe, there is woe to Pharaoh !

'Tis said with disgrace, we're a degenerate race—
Not so numerous, destructive, or mighty
As when our dread host infested the coast
Of Egypt, in Israel's captivity.
Pharaoh, Pharaoh ! let them go, let them go.
There is woe, there is woe to Pharaoh !

All this may be true, yet the record will show
That we are the ancient cicada,
That came from the east at the call of the priest,
To plague the oppressors of Judah.
Pharaoh, Pharaoh ! let them go, let them go.
There is woe, there is woe to Pharaoh !

Like a tempest we came—like a poisonous flame—
Consuming the fruits and the grasses ;

From the rye and the corn every green leaf was shorn—
As when fire through the dry stubble passes.
Pharaoh, Pharaoh ! let them go, let them go.
There is woe, there is woe to Pharaoh !

When the prophet of God uplifted his rod,
And bade us return to our burrows ;
When the west wind arose—so the chronicle goes—
We ceased from the land of the Pharaohs.
Pharaoh, Pharaoh ! let them go, let them go.
There is woe, there is woe to Pharaoh !

Our days are but few for the labor we do,
And our nights are silent and dreary ;
Our death is a plan of the promise to man,
When he rests from his work worn and weary.
Pharaoh, Pharaoh ! let them go, let them go.
There is woe, there is woe to Pharaoh !

Like him we descend to our graves, till the end
Of the time of our incubation ;
But come forth at length in our glory and strength,
To fill our appointed station.
Pharaoh, Pharaoh ! let them go, let them go.
There is woe, there is woe to Pharaoh !

VOICE OF A CITY.

AS great Niagara's voice is but the sum
Or aggregate of all the trickling sounds
Produced by drops of water, leaping down
In one far-spreading sheet from dizzy height,
Parting the humid air with rushing roar,
And plunging headlong to the wild abyss,
Each drop contributing its feeble mite
To swell the concrete thunder ; so the voice
Of cities heard afar, when morning light
Awakes to business stir and factory hum
The slumbering millions who had found in sleep
Brief respite from their toil and worldly care,
Is but the sum of all the Babel sounds
That with their tumult fret the pulsing air.
The human voice, the engine's clank and scream,
The bell, the sledge and anvil, rumbling cart,
The ringing trowel, and factory's busy buzz,
Conspiring all to make the deafening din,
That to some ears would all discordant seem
A senseless jargon of unmeaning sounds.
But not to mine. Amid the partial gloom
That hides from visual sense surrounding things,
I seem to hear the surging sea of life,
And, as I listen to its ceaseless roar,
The spirit of the place tunes up his harp,
Strung with a million heart-strings, gay and sad,
And thus in modern measure sings this song :

I'm the genius grave and sage
Of a city huge and vast,
And to sing to you of progress I am come ;
Of the wonders of our age,
Of the perils of the past,
Threatening ruin to our dear New-England home.
 Plod, plod, plod, the wheel is turning ;
 Speed, speed the shuttle and the pen ;
 Keep the head and hands at work,
 Build the school-house and the kirk,
Peace and plenty to our nation come again.

 In the days of long ago,
 When our liberty was young,
Hateful tyrants came our country to invade ;
 But our fathers met the foe,
 Giants to the rescue sprung,
And the enemies of Freedom fled dismayed.
 Plod, plod, plod, the wheel is turning ;
 Speed, speed the shuttle and the pen ;
 Keep the head and hands at work,
 Build the school-house and the kirk,
Peace and plenty to our nation come again.

 And again in later times,
 When our martial pride was low,
When improvement, craft, and commerce ruled the hour,
 Treason hatched from hellish crimes,
 Freedom's fane to overthrow ;
But we've shorn the fiend of all his vaunted power.

Plod, plod, plod, the wheel is turning ;
Speed, speed the shuttle and the pen ;
Keep the head and hands at work,
Build the school-house and the kirk,
Peace and plenty to our nation come again.

To the country of our choice
We're a people brave and true—
Ever ready to defend its sacred soil ;
But in order we rejoice,
We the peaceful arts pursue,
Winning fortune, friends, and fame by honest toil.
Plod, plod, plod, the wheel is turning ;
Speed, speed the shuttle and the pen ;
Keep the head and hands at work,
Build the school-house and the kirk,
Peace and plenty to our nation come again.

Through a net of wire nerves
We convey the people's will ;
And with iron arms we grasp the golden West ;
Steam's expansive power serves
To drive the carriage, press, and mill.
And the wingèd lightnings fly at man's behest.
Plod, plod, plod, the wheel is turning ;
Speed, speed the shuttle and the pen ;
Keep the head and hands at work,
Build the school-house and the kirk,
Peace and plenty to our nation come again.

Side by side with reverence bow
Men of every Christian creed,
Paying homage to the universal King ;
We have princes at the plow,
Fairest hands the shuttle speed,
While of virtue, love, and labor mothers sing.
Plod, plod, plod, the wheel is turning ;
Speed, speed the shuttle and the pen ;
Keep the head and hands at work,
Build the school-house and the kirk,
Peace and plenty to our nation come again.

VOICE OF THE ECHO.

OF all the nymphs that friendship have professed,
My faithful friend, the Echo, serves me best ;
A close attendant on my daily walk,
She tells me where to step and when to talk ;
She tells me when my auditor is near
By echoing the sounds he ought to hear ;
And when I speak to vacant, empty air,
By whispering, " Your auditor is not there."

She shows me where each obstacle is placed
In every path my footsteps once have traced,
As each familiar sound she echoes back
From every object in my rayless track.
On fence or wall she sits till I approach,
Then whispers, Hold ! my friend, do not encroach.

These stones are hard—this masonry is strong—
These pickets sharp and high—this fence is long ;
Here stands a shade-tree—here the village pump—
Here comes a lamp-post ; careful ! you're a trump !
A cellar-door is up ; now cautious go.
What hollow sounds are echoed from below !

The danger passed—the pavement broad and clear—
Her friendly voice across the way I hear.
With my good staff the fence I lightly tap ;
On my own door she imitates the rap.
Halloo ! says I, I must be nearly home !
Echoes reply, " You're to the crosswalk come."
I must be then just opposite my gate.
" Just so, my friend ; now turn, come very straight."
The gate is reached, I close it with a slam,
While Echo from the porch cries, " Here I am !
Now mount the steps, the passage door uncloze,
'The shutter's up—take care ! don't bump your nose !
You're home again where all is safe and quiet ;
Too silent here for me. Good night ! good night !"

At morn she meets me in the crowded street,
Her daily service ever to repeat ;
If cellar, sewer, or scuttle yawns before,
She warns me of the danger evermore.

One day, returning from my frugal meal,
Along a street where I had learned to feel
That all was safe—in meditative mood,
I heeded not the dancing, chattering brood

Of little echoes, sporting with the noise
Of rattling carts, and shouting, barefoot boys,
That in the street kept up a constant din,
Till some one cried, "A sewer ! you'll tumble in !"
"'Ble in !' said Echo with sepulchral sound.
I paused, and with my staff felt all around,
When lo ! within a pace of where I stood,
Some shoveling son of Erin's honored sod
Had taken up the sidewalk. Even now
My stomach sickens at the slimy slough
That lay before me, full one fathom deep—
Spanned by a narrow plank that few could keep
In broad daylight. Another onward step
Had plunged me in a ditch six feet in depth,
Half full of filthy water ; while beyond
Loose paving-stones lay scattered o'er the ground.
With cautious step I cross the noisome tide ;
My Echo joins me on the other side,
Once more along the busy, bustling street,
Her friendly warning ever to repeat.

At eve she guides me to my home again,
And ever as we part sings this refrain :
"You're home again, where all is safe and quiet ;
Your faithful friend till death—good night ! good night !"
Till death, I answer, that dark, voiceless tide ?
Is there no echo on the other side ?
Is there no friendly voice to greet my ear,
No hand to guide, no ray of light to cheer ?
Yes, angels at the everlasting gate,
With harps of gold and tuneful voices wait,

To welcome to that bright celestial shore
Those who may enter the eternal door.
They're home at last, where all is rest and peace,
Where echoes of praise shall never, never cease,

SONG OF A SHELL.

I STOOD on Tybee's sounding shore
As the wild winds woke from their coral caves,
And I harked to the sea-shell's boding roar
As it echoed the voice of the surging waves.
At first its sighing was sad and low,
And whispered only of coming ill ;
But louder and fiercer its accents grew,
As higher the surf on the breakers fell.
Wildly it talked of the gathering storm,
Of the hopes and wrecks of long ago,
And a tale it told of many a form
That sleeps in the shadowy depths below.
Some lying, as in death they grasped
A brother's or a sister's hand ;
Some folding, as they had fondly clasped
A child, a mother, or a friend.
Some clutching in their bony hands
Their treasure, rescued but in vain ;
Some bleaching on the cold gray sands,
Beside their heaps of ill-got gain ;
Here through the dank luxuriant weeds,
The sluggish tortoise cautious creeps ;

There 'mong the slender swaying reeds,
The dozing craw-fish fearless sleeps.
Here on the matted moss upcoiled,
In slimy folds the serpent lies,
Gorged with the prey that long had foiled
His eager fangs and glaring eyes.
Long years ago, said the murmuring shell,
When life yet throbb'd in this pearly coil,
There came a ship o'er the billow's swell,
Freighted with the wealth of Afric's soil ;
Not with her wealth of fruits and gold,
Or the trophies of her conquering braves ;
But with sons and mothers bought and sold,
In the white man's home, as the white man's slaves.
Home-bound for Georgia's genial clime,
The ship set sail with prosperous breeze ;
But conscious Heaven saw the crime,
And Vengeance woke the slumbering seas.
Groaning in chains the captives lay,
Their fetters rusting in their blood,
Till on the twelfth declining day
Stern Justice walked the liquid flood,
Gathering the clouds that long had slept
Around Isalco's frowning peak,
Or from Caribbean's tide had crept,
And now in muttering thunders speak
From crag to crag, from isle to isle,
Waking the echoes as they fly ;
While cloud on cloud the swift winds pile,
Till tempest blackens all the sky.
Down rushed the night, as when dense swarms
Of locusts shadowed Egypt's plain.

And now, from afar the driving storms
Lashed into foam the curling main.
Onward they came, amid the dark,
Lighting their paths with the shimmering rays
Of ocean's phosphorescent spark ;
Save when the lightning's lurid blaze
Leaped from some mountain wave on high,
To revel in the floating mist,
Or flash along the inky sky,
Or dive into the watery waste.
Around, above, tumultuous shrieked
The fitful blast and whirling spray ;
While loud the laboring vessel creaked
At every joint, with every sea.
Firm at the helm Gonzarro stood,
His dark brow knit in angry scorn,
Defying heaven, defying the flood,
E'en cursing the resurrection morn.
Fearless he stood amid the storm,
Blindly steering his sinking craft,
Till Justice raised his mighty arm,
And Vengeance aimed the deadly shaft.
Swift from a fold of murky clouds
A seething bolt in fury hurled,
Rending in shreds the rattling shrouds,
And sail-arms in confusion whirled.
Prone to the deck, Gonzarro fell,
A mass of charred and shapeless clay ;
His guilty soul had fled to hell ;
And from the ruins where he lay,
Upwreathed dense smoke and sulphurous flames,
Catching the ropes and mounting fast,

Crackling 'mong spars and falling beams,
Or winding in shining folds the mast.
Now hissing among the briny sails
Its forked tongues shot higher and higher,
Fanned by the fierce north-western gales,
Till all the wreck was wrapped in fire.
On yonder bold projecting rock,
Where cold above, the gray cliffs frown,
The drifting vessel furious struck ;
One crash—one glare—and all went down !
As from the west the lightning fades
Ere dies the thunder's echoing roar,
So instant night with all her shades
Came back to earth and sea once more.
My song hath ceased, said the whispering shell ;
Return me now to my watery home
Far down where the warring sea-gods dwell,
Or out on the billow's sparkling foam.
The storm hath passed, and my tale is told.
Forget not the fate that once befell
Gonzarro and his dreams of gold.
My task is done—farewell ! farewell !

VOICE OF A CHILD.

I HAVE heard the lambkin's blithesome bleat
When the sun lay warm and bright
On the springing grasses, fresh and sweet,
And the clover, red and white.

I have heard the coo of the turtle-dove,
And the ring-dove soft and mild :
But there is no sound so full of love,
So pure as the voice of a child.

I have heard the song of the mocking-bird
On his native sunny plains,
And have felt my heart with rapture stirred,
As he warbled his wild refrains ;
Through many a sultry summer hour
My thoughts he has beguiled :
But I'd turn from him in his laurel bower,
To the songs of a cheerful child.

I love the notes of the oriole,
So joyous and so free :
Such tones should fill the dullest soul
With richest melody.
I have heard the cuckoo's distant call,
And a thousand bird-notes wild :
But the sweetest sound to me of all,
Is the voice of a happy child.

I love to hear the echoes tell
How high are the distant hills,
How broad the plain, how deep the dell,
And where the robin builds ;
To hear the wild bee's busy hum,
And the meadow brooks rejoice :
But to my ears no echoes come,
Like the tones of my Nellie's voice.

I love the knell of the chapel bell
That calls to morning prayer ;
And I love the solemn organ's swell,
As it floats on the evening air.
I know these sounds to earth were given
To make the heart rejoice ;
But the sound that brings me nearest heaven
Is my own sweet Nellie's voice.

FACES AND VOICES OF DEAR ONES.

THE moon's pale beams so silently fall,
And she walks the sky with such quiet grace,
That my soul yearns not to remove the pall
Of darkness that hides her queenly face.

The stars may shine in the vaulted heaven,
And meteors flash through the silent sky ;
But to me far brighter thoughts are given,
Sweet stars that in fancy's firmament lie.

One keen desire my bosom fills,
One wish this vale of darkness rends ;
That, as kind Heaven to others reveals
The faces of their dearest friends.

So in my dreams I might behold,
Not moon or stars or flaming suns,

But priceless—more to me than gold,
The faces of my darling ones.

'Tis true, their laugh and merry glee
Fills up the measure of my joy ;
Yet would my eyes delight to see
The face of my darling baby boy.

The winning smile of my little Nell,
And the flush of health on her rosy cheek,
Her infant voice can scarcely tell ;
And the love in her eye no words can speak.

And oh ! of the heaven of peace that shines
In the face of my faithful, trusting wife,
I wot not, save by the outward signs
She shows in her daily Christian life.

PART SECOND.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



INTRODUCTORY LINES.

DIVISION OF LABOR.

IN the general scramble for fortune and fame,
For honor, distinction, position, and power,
The sightless, I fear, must fail in the game,
Unless Heaven send in a copious shower,
(Some night when the moon and the stars are away,
So that fingers may cope with the brightest of eyes,)
Those magical dollars that princes obey,
That wonderful dollar that every thing buys.

But since this aerial phenomenon
Is not at all in the order of things,
Let him whom Heaven hath smiled upon,
Divide his blessings with him who sings.
Does he sing to please you, pay him well—
Perhaps 'tis the only thing he can do.
Does his heart with grateful tribute swell,
Be sure that his stomach is swelling too.

Does his song inspire to virtue, 'tis well.
Does it soften the heart to pleadings of love,
Does it prompt you to charity—do not rebel ;
Remember the mission of Him from above.
Does he sit in the dark—well, he needs no light
To mellow his voice or illumine his mind,
He knows it will not be always night,
That the God who made him is just and kind.

He knows that his morning will dawn at last
When the clouds of this life shall have passed away ;
When the portals of death he has safely passed,
That his spirit shall bask in eternal day.

And oh ! that light will be glorious to him,
Revealing each face that on earth was hid ;
'Twill show that each providence, now so dim,
Was meant for the creature's highest good.

This simple tale will explain, I ween,
The duty that one man owes to another ;
The relation that ought to exist between
The fortunate man and his unlucky brother.

A little maid and her sightless friend
Went out to gather the bramble-berry ;
He could feel the fruit with his finger's end,
But found that the thorns were very sharp—very.

They pierced his flesh and held him at bay ;
Like the flaming sword of Eden they stood,
Pointing in every approachable way,
To guard the wild but delectable food.

At length, when his hands were bleeding and torn,
And the tears would come in his rayless eyes,
Our hero abandoned his task forlorn,
And threw himself down on the ground to cry.

“Nay, do not weep,” said the little maid ;
“We’ll divide our work as the sparrows do ;
You sing for me in the maple shade,
And I will gather berries for you.

“So invoke your muse and tune your lyre,
One song will a thousand smarts repay ;
I shall feel no scratch from the bramble or brier
While my heart is cheered by your rapturous lay.”

Thus the maiden toiled and the sightless sung ;
She brought him berries, he gave her song ;
While amid the labors of hand and tongue
Those happy hours flew swiftly along.

ATOMIC THEORY OF CREATION.

IN those deep tones that from the buried past
Come up like bubbles from oblivion's spring,
Replete with shadowy wonders, strange and vast,
Inspire me, O mighty muse ! to sing.
To sing of progress that from chaos rose,
When mind first stirred the dark material sea,
And of life's stream that ever onward flows
To the broad ocean of eternity.

Before Creation's birth, when all was dark,
The mind of Nature struck the electric spark ;
A thought that through eternal cycles ran,
And filled immensity with the glorious plan
Of forming worlds from matter incréate,
With seed of plant to germ and vegetate,
With animals, endowed with life and sense,
With reason some, and high intelligence ;
To scan the workings of organic laws,
Perceive and reason from effect to cause ;
To analyze the leaf and opening bud,
And trace gradation up to nature's God.
To worship Him whose image they reflect,
(Though man has sadly changed in this respect ;)
To second Virtue in her noble schemes,
To harmonize the soul with lofty themes
Of moral progress, purity, and truth,

And clothe the spirit in immortal youth ;
To blend with natural science, human skill,
To fly the shuttle or to turn the mill,
To harness vapor to the flying cars,
To tame the lightnings and bring down the stars.

All these and more did that first thought embrace,
Then reaching out through all the realms of space,
Awoke old Rest from his protracted sleep,
And with confusion stirred the boundless deep,
Sending a wave of agitation wide ;
Nor could inertia stop the moving tide
Till on the confines of existence broke,
And every atom felt the electric shock.
The common equilibrium thus destroyed,
Contending forces fill the mighty void ;
Forces that in a latent form had slept,
While night and silence mutual empire kept.
Occult, within their pregnant causes mixed
With passive matter equipoised and fixed,
Till agitation stirred them into life ;
And thus arrayed in antithetic strife,
The opposite extremes of right and wrong,
Of order and confusion, weak and strong,
Of hard and soft, expansion and contraction,
Of heat and cold, repulsion and attraction,
Of rest and motion, circular and straight,
Deformity and beauty, love and hate,
All making matter subject to their sway,
While each contended for the mastery.

At length, all atoms of a common mould,
In close adhesion drew, and thus controlled
The molecules of sharp, irregular form,
That round the solid nucleus thickly swarm
In fluids or in gases, mixed or free,
In single or combined affinity ;
Each substance seeking its specific station,
Obedient to the laws of gravitation.
As cloudy fragments fill the misty air,
Collect and thicken when the storm is near,
So these impelled by that unchanging law
That like to like all kindred atoms draw,
Collected first in fragment, then in mass,
Of bulk so huge, that thought could never pass
Around its surface, though the thought should fly
On lightning's wing through all eternity.
The metals first the common centre fixed ;
The non-metallics, earths and fluids, next.
The gases last, composed an atmosphere
Of particles so rough and angular,
So multiform in figure and in size,
That vainly order sought to compromise,
To bring within cohesion's strong embrace
The tiniest speck that wandered yet in space ;
To find for each a corresponding neighbor
And thus complete her equalizing labor ;
To reassert what silence once possessed,
His ancient sceptre of eternal rest.
But no, this could not be ; one thought alone
Had hurled the sleeper from his sable throne,
And from that impulse Malcontent arose,
And filled his realm with twice ten thousand foes.

Nor could fair Peace restore the dreamy god,
 While Discord and Confusion stalked abroad.
 As in the haunts of men, when vice hath long
 Nourished Oppression or some hated wrong,
 A factious few for liberty upspring
 And cry, Disunion, or, Behead the king !
 Or when a nation long hath been the spoil
 Of foreign foes, or much intestine broil,
 But gentle Peace at last returns again,
 And Plenty follows in her fruitful train ;
 When unity with strength, new zeal imparts,
 To nurture science and improve the arts,
 And all the lands with plenteous harvests smile,
 And feast and song the passing hours beguile ;
 Then avarice, with wide-extended jaw
 Begins to cram his ever-hungry maw ;
 Then love of fortune, bane of social health,
 Creeps in with arrogance and love of self ;
 Then aspirants for honor, power, and place
 Begin to run their never-ending race.
 Then envy kindles into burning hate,
 And treason saps the firmest pillar of state ;
 Sedition hatches from the egg of pride,
 And floats awhile beneath the popular tide,
 Till to a monster grown ; when lo ! it draws
 Charybdis-like, within its gaping jaws,
 The ship of state, by priest and pilot sold,
 For fame, distinction, or the love of gold.
 So, when attraction reached out through all space,
 And folded matter in its strong embrace,
 Then with a force commensurate with all,
 Moulded the mass in one stupendous ball,

The gaseous vapors could not be compressed,
Nor by cohesion brought to perfect rest ;
But once in motion, jostled evermore,
And with the solids waged perpetual war ;
As if, indignant at the fatal spell
In which all nature must forever dwell,
Lest they, the vaunted friends of liberty,
Excite rebellion, war, and anarchy.
Some armed with teeth to permeate the rock,
And some with magic keys, that could unlock
The hidden secrets of the hoary deep,
And wake the echoes from their transient sleep ;
Some with a spark that friction could ignite,
And in a moment fill all space with light ;
Some with a pent-up power that could expand,
And from the centre heave the solid land.
Thus armed for fight, and formed in hostile clans,
More numerous than Arabia's desert sands,
These elements went forth with ranting roar,
Penetrating rocks at every pore,
Grinding the firmest granite into dust,
And covering the metals with corrosive rust ;
Or simmering along the semi-liquid zone,
Till all aglow its briny bosom shone ;
Then with combustion fanned it into flame,
Till fire and tempest wrapped the rocky frame.
Now to the heat the crystal silex yields,
And every substance to the centre feels
Its piercing ray. The iron mountains shake,
And from their caves triumphant thunders wake,
Along the plains volcanic mountains rise,
And belch their fury to the streaming skies.

Around, beneath, the burning lava pours,
And through the vales the rushing torrent roars.
Expansive heat the solid ground upheaves,
And in its stead the burning flood receives ;
Simmering to the centre of the mass,
And filling its caverns with explosive gas,
Then with a lighted torch ignites the whole,
And bursts in fragments the primeval ball ;
Sprinkling with liquid silver all the sky,
Which cooling, formed the twinkling stars on high.
Much of the molten gold the centre kept,
While furious round it every fragment swept,
Each in its orb, and forming each a world
That freely on their equal axes whirled.
The globe of burnished gold we call the sun ;
Its flow of light and heat at once begun,
Engulfing darkness in a flood of day,
That chased forever night and gloom away.
Along this lucent tide each fragment rolled
Like bubbles on a sea of liquid gold,
Cooling as they whirled in shining spheres,
Till, in their annual round, ten thousand years
They thrice had measured, when at last a crust
On each was formed, of rock and fertile dust.
At first, this crust appeared at either pole,
Or at those points around which daily roll
The concrete spheres, while yet more fiercely shone
The fires of the equatorial zone.
But these at length were hid. The rock congealed
In mountains or in plains, and thus concealed
The burning sea that boiled and hissed below,
As in the earth volcanic mountains show.

The central orb had undergone no change ;
His triple beam still pierced the highest range
Of night's receding wall ; his fires were fed
With ether rare, that like an ocean spread
Throughout all space, and with concentric flow,
Forever kept his flaming torch aglow.

The mind of Nature, viewing from afar
This work complete, unloosed her vapory car,
Then down the silvery arch her lightning steeds
With more than thought's velocity she speeds.
Along the milky-way her coursers fly ;
And now descending to the nether sky,
The starry pavements tremble with their tread,
And sounding echoes through the arches spread.
Her flaming wheels with jarring thunders roll
Till all the heavens shake from pole to pole.
Now on Orion's belt her car she stays,
And all the solar plan with joy surveys,
Then with a triple voice of thunders three,
Truth, justice, and creative energy,
This sun, she cries, is e'en more glorious now
Than when at first he bent his brilliant bow,
And with a million arrows barbed with flame,
Repulsed the shades of night, who fled with shame
And sudden fright, from heaven's battlements,
Down to the realm of darkness most intense.

But not so with the planets : they are formed
Of elements more gross, and may be warmed
Or cooled, as changing causes may affect,

Or as internal forces may direct.
With disk opaque and now no longer bright
Save with the generous sun's reflected light,
The side excluded from his searching eye
Must for a space in silent slumber lie,
Quite unillumed ; while night returns again,
With all the dreamy shadows in his train ;
But only to repose a few short hours
Beneath his spreading canopy of stars,
To flee again when yonder gorgeous bow
Its crimson arrows through the heavens shall throw.

Thus ever shall the night in day dissolve,
While in their course the rolling spheres revolve ;
And hence, shall dewy morn and eve appear
Through all the varying seasons of the year.
But thee, O sun ! whose fountain ever brims
With gushing noon, no passing shadow dims ;
No blot of night on thy resplendent face
Shall fall, or in thy bosom e'er find place.
Thy radiant brow shall be more radiant still ;
Here will I fix my all-prevailing will,
And every impulse that I know or feel,
Thought or design, will I at length reveal.
These new creations ample scope afford
To every scheme with which my mind is stored.
These solar beams shall be my spreading arms,
To hold the spheres, while with a thousand charms
I paint their fruits and flowers. These golden rays
Shall be my nerves, to bear my messages.
Each trembling fibre shall my wish obey,
And at my touch the rock shall melt away.

The desert plain shall feel my genial beam,
And all the land with youth and beauty teem.
My spirit free to distant worlds shall roam,
Breathe on their seas, or lift the ocean's foam
In fleecy clouds against the azure sky,
Then with a glance from my puissant eye,
And jarring voice that shakes the solid land,
Compress the vapors in my dripping hand,
When lo ! along the wide extended plain,
In torrents falls the fertilizing rain,
Till, pregnant with my love, the soil shall bring
The fruitful plant and every living thing.
With pearly thoughts the dewy lawn I'll spread,
And mock the diamond in its ocean bed.
With fragrant flowers every plant adorn,
Whose blushing tints shall shame the rising morn.
Then motion with organic mode, shall warm
The bright-winged blossoms, till the woodlands swarm
With insect life, and by progression, thence
Develop rational intelligence.
These words prophetic shall on echo's wing
This invocation bear, to nature's King.

O mighty Author ! Creat First Cause divine,
Who called me to this work, thine ear incline !
O Source of life, from whom I emanate !
Grant me this power and wisdom to create ;
Deny me not the boon I now implore,
And thine shall be the glory evermore.
She said, and swift descending to the sun,
When instant through the vast creation run

A stream of life, along those purple veins
That morning spreads o'er all the ethereal plains.
The mighty deep its swelling bosom heaved,
And every world the vital flood received,
Throbbing like hearts, when love its tale hath told,
Or sudden joy bursts on the anxious soul.
The flinty rock with very gladness wept,
Till crystal torrents down the mountain swept,
Leaping from ledge to ledge in merry glee,
Or rushing down some bold declivity
In sparkling jets, or spreading sheets of foam,
Startling the echoes from their cavern home.
The very air shed tears of wild delight,
And with the flitting shadows danced, till light
Their revels through the floating mist beheld,
And with a glance the phantom forms dispelled.
Soft breezes sporting in the vales beneath,
Caught the light spray, and whirling twined a wreath
Of rainbow tints, with every brilliant hue
That sunset in prismatic splendor threw.
Cool dewy vapors bathed the mountain's brow,
Or poured delicious rain on all below.
The glassy lakes their slumbering billows woke,
And from their cloudy seats loud thunders spoke.
All matter seemed exultant with the schemes
That nature's mind had planned, and though her
dreams
Had not yet into solid substance grown,
'Twas plain her present power was felt and owned.

ORIGIN OF WOMAN.

ONE ponderous globe, the shining worlds among,
That round the sun or common centre swung,
With wonder filled at its own magnitude,
When in the light of self its greatness viewed,
With swelling pride and admiration warmed,
Cracked the frail crust that gradually had formed
Around its surface, and in fragments flew,
To teach all time what vanity may do.

Subdued and humbled by this dire event,
Each fragment in its orb was now content
To shine a lesser light, the certain fate
Of all who see *themselves* as only great.
One of the segments of this shattered world,
Beyond the limits of attraction hurled,
Fell like a meteor through the silent sky,
And passing in its flight the earth, near by,
Was first attracted, then repelled, but soon
Finding a middle course, became our moon.

From this bright fugitive from penal shame,
It is averred that lovely woman came ;
That all her vanity to this is due,
But such the poet does not sing as true ;
That, in a silvery shower of lunar rays,
A fairy form descended, full of grace,
And beautiful proportion—light as air,
And of a texture fine as gossamer ;

That, by inhabiting a coarser clime,
Subsisting on its fruits, she came in time
To be more earthy, more with substance blent,
Hence of a more lymphatic temperament ;
That when to perfect strength and stature grown,
With sunny hair and radiant eyes that shone
More lovely than the pearl that, from the deep,
Vies with the stars that on its bosom sleep,
Her heart, to social sympathy unstrung,
Reëchoed but the notes that nature sung,
Till passion's flame her maiden breast had fired—
Conscious of charms, she longed to be admired.

Once, it is said, when sleep her brow had pressed
With gentle hand, and lulled her into rest,
But left her slumbering on the mossy green,
Love, from his amorous bower her beauty seen,
And swift descending in a fervent blaze,
Touched her young heart, and to her raptured gaze
Stood all revealed, till sighing she awoke ;
The vision fled, and rosy morning broke.
O blissful hour ! O happy dream ! she said ;
Then slowly rising from her mossy bed,
She bathed her snowy brow and fair young face,
In a cool stream that rippled near the place.

Pensive she wandered through the scented bowers,
Plucked the ripe fruit or twined the fragrant flowers
In gayest wreaths of colors rich and rare,
With orange blossoms and the scented pear,
To charm the vision back to earth again,
When night once more descended o'er the plain.

In this protracted dream she wandered far,
And when the god of day his flaming car
High in the heavens had rolled, beneath the shade
Of a spreading palm her weary feet she staid ;
Then breaking from her reverie's wildering maze,
A new enchantment meets her wondering gaze.
Like an inverted sky before her lay
A silvery lake that mocked the rising day,
So pure and tranquil was its smiling face ;
The faintest clouds that light-winged zephyrs chase,
And every gay-plumed bird that hovered near,
Were from its crystal depths reflected clear.
Two suns she saw, and lo ! beneath the tide,
With wondering eyes her charming self she spied.

Hail ! happy vision, thou art come again,
She said ; and plunged into the liquid main.
Vainly she strove the lovely form to clasp,
But ever fleeing from her eager grasp,
In wildest transports on the wave she lay,
Till Love beholding, on a beam of day
Swiftly descended to her open arms,
And with new raptures graced her glowing charms.
Now to her sylvan bower the maid returns,
While shame intense her heaving bosom burns.
But ere the moon nine times its course had run,
She was the happy mother of a son.

Thus from self-love the race of man descended ;
So says the myth, and so the fable ended.

LOVE IN A RAILROAD CAR.

WE met in the cars—my love and I.
The train was running rapidly
Adown a gently sloping grade,
And trees and fields were flitting by
Like comets on a grand parade ;
Cities and towns were in the race—
E'en churches joined the giddy chase.
Before me, seated *vis-a-vis*,
A matron and a blooming miss
Were looking thoughtful and demure ;
Though on each face it seemed a bliss
To gaze, they were so mild and pure.
The one aglow with sentiment ;
The other, sad but innocent ;
The one a queenly, matchless face,
Where every virtue, every grace
As in a mirror clearly shone ;
But on the other, one might trace
A hidden sorrow, yet unknown
To those who knew her, loved her best,
The grief of years still unconfessed ;
A sorrow, not akin to shame,
That only mars or blots a name ;
But one that memory guiltless brings
From the dead past, to fan the flame
Of living hate, that often springs
From the warm heart where friendship dwells
Till memory her sad record tells.

Oh ! what of life may not be read—
What histories of the heart and head
May not be traced in every line,
Upon the human face outspread !
Each lofty aim or low design ;
Ay, volumes of an eventful age,
Are written on that single page.

The entrance of this gentle pair
Was unobserved by me ; or where
Or when they got upon the train.
But why deserve my special care ?
I asked myself, but asked in vain ;
The presence of a subtle charm
Now filled my soul with sweet alarm.
The younger, scarcely twenty past,
A furtive glance or two now cast
At wondering me, who vainly tried
Among the leaves of Harper's last,
My growing interest to hide ;
But something in my bosom stirred
And would not let me read a word.
My heart was beating audibly,
And in a whisper seemed to say,
“ A living romance is before you,
So put your magazine away,
And list to reason, I implore you.
Fiction may lend to life a charm,
But facts and friends can keep it warm ;
Remember we are growing old,
To such the social world is cold ;

Your manly face is handsome now,
But time will mar the perfect mould,
And lines of age shall mark your brow.
Then while the tender passions move,
Oh ! listen to the voice of love.
Full thirty years with even song,
I've sent the current of life along,
Diffusing health through every vein ;
And though still vigorous and strong,
The light of youth in time will wane.
Woman, the friend of youth, was given
To man, the brightest boon of heaven.
Wouldst win ? then do not hesitate ;
Remember, I am desperate.
That maiden with the dark brown hair,
Is modest, mild, affectionate,
And surely she is very fair ;
Oh ! see what a world of sympathy lies
In the depths of those large hazel eyes."
Be still, vain heart, and cease your prating ;
These people are but the common freighting
Of common flesh and bone and muscle,
That vanity is ever 'flating
With love of fashion, stir, and bustle ;
Beautiful I know when on the wing,
But caught and tamed, another thing.
Thus ended this strange colloquy,
When lo ! a sharp and piercing cry
The engine whistle echoed back.
Quick, brakeman, to your levers fly;
There's some obstruction on the track !
Firm to the seat my hands I lock,

And calmly wait the coming shock ;
Nor waited long ; the brakes were down,
And though the train rushed madly on,
Her speed was checked, motion reversed ;
But ah ! too late ; one crashing sound,
A thousand screams on the wild air burst.
What modern muse can bard inspire,
To paint that scene so dark and dire !
What terror and confusion wild,
As car on car was quickly piled !
What cries of anguish rent the air,
From mother, brother, sister, child !
And where was *she* with the dark brown hair ?
I did not ask, but rightly guessed ;
Her fainting form lay on my breast,
Where with the shock she had been thrown.
With giant strength, not all my own,
(For love lends power to its charms,)
Firmly I clasped her slender zone
And raised her fainting in my arms ;
Thence through a rift in the shattered deck,
I bore her safely from the wreck.
With purest water, cool and clear,
Brought from a stream that rippled near,
I bathed her hands and snowy brow.
Till softly in my list'ning ear
She whispered, " I am better now.
How kind you are ! but where am I ?
And where's my mother ? tell me, pray !
Is this a dream, or is it true ?
O dearest mother ! where are you ?"
I heard no more ; in breathless haste

Back to the broken wreck I flew,
And soon my rugged way retraced.
But ah ! my ears, what fearful cries !
What sickening horrors met my eyes !
Had every word a tongue of flame,
Had every agony a name,
Had every voice a thunder tone—
Language would yet be far too tame.
Though every stream and leaf and stone
Could be inspired to tell the tale
Of that dread hour, still words would fail.
One car alone of all the train,
Upon the broken track remained ;
The one from which I'd just escaped.
The rest their iron grasp retained,
And with the engine furious leaped
From the embankment, crushing all
In fragments by the frightful fall.
Beneath this huge and shapeless mass
Of iron, wood, and shattered glass,
Unnumbered scores of victims lay,
Of every age and every class ;
The victims of a cruelty
Unparalleled in history's page,
But common in this Christian age.
Another fearful sacrifice
Of human life—the current price
Of pleasure jaunts and business tours,
Of lightning transits that surprise
And rob old time of half his hours.
But oh ! alas ! to some how dear !
They little dream of death so near.

Death in the quiet, peaceful home,
Where loving friends around us come
To soothe the aching heart and head,
Is naught ; though shadows of the tomb,
With all their terrors dark and dread,
Creep coldly o'er the closing eye,
It is not fearful thus to die.
Or, on the field of carnage red,
With valiant blood by freemen shed
In liberty's most holy cause,
When hateful tyrants dare invade
Our homes, our country, and our laws,
The champions of liberty
Will fearless fight and bravely die.
But when the pulse of life is low,
When but the softer passions glow,
And all the soul with pleasure thrills,
As thoughts of happy childhood flow
Back to the streams and sunny hills,
The glassy lake, the fleecy snow,
The romps and rides of long ago ;
Or, when amidst the whirl and jar
Of busy factory, boat, or car,
The shuttle's flash, the spindle's gleam,
The clanking engine's ceaseless roar,
And the shrill whistle's angry scream,
A signal of the task begun
Ere half the frugal meal is done ;
While lovely maidens at their loom,
By cheerful labor paint the bloom
And rosy flush of womanhood,
Dreaming of some bright, future home

Where want and care may not intrude.
But hark ! a sudden, fearful sound,
A shock that shakes the solid ground ;
While high in air the fragments fly,
And vapor darkens all the sky.
The happy dream of youth has fled ;
The blooming cheek and sparkling eye,
Now pale and dim among the dead,
Appeal to selfish man in vain ;
Progress and death are friends again.

It may be some relief to know
That from that wreck of human life,
I rescued sister, daughter, mother,
But rescued not my future wife ;
The fates did not decree it so.
The maiden with the dark brown hair,
With hazel eyes and brow so fair,
Had with her beauty blessed another ;
And I remained, as right I should,
Recipient of his gratitude.

FABLE OF THE FLIES.

“**I**N olden time,” tradition says,
“ When Charity was young,
A squad of philanthropic flies
Of every caste and tongue,
Assembled on the bright green glade

With circumspect intention,
Beneath a chestnut's spreading shade
In general convention.
A dignitary filled the chair,
With parchment, scrip, and scribe ;
And delegates assembled there,
From every buzzing tribe.
A worthy sage, with numerous eyes,
And legs of great dimension,
Arose, and in the following wise
Addressed the said convention.
'Most excellent sir, and worthies all,'
The speaker thus began ;
'Our tyrants, ever since the fall,
That so perverted man,
That threw all nature out of gear,
Have tried their subtlest arts,
To see how they could best ensnare
The victim of their sports.
Our flesh and blood too long have been
A staple of their food ;
And now, 'tis time that we begin
To seek each other's good ;
To rescue from the iron heel
Of tyranny our brothers ;
To make our vile oppressors feel
That we are good as others.
For this most holy cause we're met
In this secluded place,
To take some measures, requisite
To guard our injured race.
These ugly, sprawling monsters weave

Their webs in every hole,
Where they suspect or half believe
A fly is like to crawl ;
Then in some corner lie in wait,
Till one comes peeping in ;
When, oh ! 'tis horrid to relate,
The bloody monsters spin
Their tangled webs around him fast,
Regardless of his groans ;
Then, with a fiendish grin, at last
They pick his quivering bones.
Arise ! ye patriots, break your chains,
And say, we will be free !
A victory shall reward our pains !
To arms ! 'tis Fate's decree !'
The stamping of countless feet declared
That willing hearts were found,
While a wondrous buzzing filled the air
For many rods around.

(*Speaker.*) They say they have a natural right
To trap the thievish fly,
That justice always yields to might.

(*A Voice.*) The villains lie !

(*Speaker.*) They say the Fates did not design
That we should e'er be free,
That they have organs more refined
And whiter blood than we.
They think us low and worthless curs,
Not worth an altercation.

Brothers, my blood with anger stirs,
And fury's indignation.
Their boasts are all a pack of lies,
And most consummate knavery ;
With death we will not compromise,
Nor covenant with slavery.
Therefore, I offer, noble sirs,
A list of resolutions
With which my heart in full concurs,
But wait your wise conclusions.

PREAMBLE.

Inasmuch as liberty is not an especial but common
right,
Not an inheritance, but a universal birthright,
Neither a creature of chance, nor conferred by fate ;
Since from man to the beetle, and from the cricket to
the mite,
All living things 'neath the sun and the twinkling eyes
of night,
Are made of the same free elements increate :

Therefore, Resolved, that the fly shall be free
To roam where he pleases, o'er land and sea ;
To sport on the beams of the common sun,
Or on the lake's bright mirrored bosom to run.

Second, Resolved, that each flower and tree
Was made for the spider as well as the bee ;
That insects should feed on the green leaves of wood,
And not slay each other for pleasure or food.

Thirdly and lastly, Resolved, that we force
Our blood-thirsty tyrants to this wise resource ;
To spend the bright summer on some cool green tree,
And through the cold winter lie torpid like we.

Once more the pattering of countless feet
And general acclamation,
Declared all plans were now complete,
And met with approbation.
At this a troop of dragon-flies
With loud vociferation
Arose, and looking wondrous wise,
Denounced all agitation.
'We may not hope to change,' said they,
'What nature hath decreed ;
That some were formed for slavery,
Is evidenced indeed.'

Another gang with galaxies
Of eyes like constellations,
Stood up and said : ' 'Tis better, sirs,
To stop these agitations.
They'll only lead to civil strife
And more insidious trapping,
By which we'll lose more precious life
Than years of such kidnapping.
Besides, 'tis not the better class
Whose natural rights are questioned,
But only a low, ignoble race,
Who were for this predestined.
However much we may abhor

This barbarous institution,
We shudder at the thought of war
And dread of dissolution.
We, therefore, can not recommend
So hazardous a position ;
Our boast of equal rights would end
At last in tame submission.
The weak should always yield to might—
The simple to the wise ;
The spider, therefore, deems it right
To trap defenseless flies.
Let those whom Nature's hand hath fitted
To serve this humble end,
Be not by fiery zealots pitted
To impiously contend
Against their fate, in bold defiance
Of nature and her laws.
Worthies, refrain from all alliance
With so unjust a cause !
Philanthropists should never aim,
By hostile demonstration,
To add fresh fuel to a flame,
In view of amelioration.
The end can never sanctify
Unholy means employed ;
The law embraces man and fly,
And naught can make it void ;
We, therefore, totally deprecate
All forms of intervention ;
No allied powers can baffle Fate,
Or thwart her fixed intention.
Once more we would reiterate

Our dragon friends' suggestion ;
Let no one dare to agitate
Again this dangerous question.
May gentle peace, while yonder sun
Brings life and warmth with day,
Shine o'er our paths where'er we run,
And rule our destiny.'

Thus spake this cowering, servile crew,
Gainst freedom's holy cause ;
And then exultingly withdrew,
'Mid rapturous applause.
Resistless rolled this mighty flood
Of suasive eloquence,
While from the assembled multitude
Arose the meek response :
May gentle peace, while yonder sun
Brings life and warmth with day,
Shine o'er our paths where'er we run,
And rule our destiny.
'Twas plain the wind had tuned her pipes
To quite a different air ;
And they who would not dance to stripes
Must follow the tune, 'twas clear.
E'en liberty's most ardent friends
Seemed favorably impressed,
And at last, to gain some private ends,
Most cordially acquiesced.

'The public weal demands,' said they,
'Some honorable concession ;
Let's give at least, to tyranny

A peaceable possession ;
Our only sacrifice will be
A weak and worthless tribe ;
And by this compromise, you see,
Her boundaries we'll prescribe.
We hate these mad enthusiasts
Who urge emancipation
Without respect to grade or caste ;
Away with agitation !
Its tendency has ever been
The captive's bonds to tighten ;
By precept we may hope to win,
Example may enlighten.
Let each discordant note be tuned,
And let this strife be ended ;
Time oft hath healed a deeper wound,
A wider breach hath mended.
Let every web that spiders spin
To trap their harmless neighbor,
Be shunned, as their besetting sin,
And drive these knaves to labor."

CAPTURE OF ROBIN, AND THE RESCUE.

ONE Sabbath morning, fresh and bright
With dewy blossoms, life and light,
A robin on his cherry bough,
Fain to renew his marriage vow,
Was calling to his paramour :
"Curly, come here ! come here ! come here !"

Now puss upon the porch was lying,
And from her ambuscade was eyeing
The female robin weave her nest
With mud, and moss, and straw, the best
That she could find ; while loud and clear
Her mate still sang, "Curly, come here !"

To breakfast called, I thought no more
Of puss or robin, but the store
Of edibles that graced our board—
Dainties my frugal wife had stored,
An ample fund for all the year ;
Still robin sang, "Curly, come here !"

The coffee poured and viands passed,
Our conversation turned at last
To birds, their habits and their songs ;
How much our happiness belongs
To their sweet art, their power to cheer,
To robin's song of "Curly, come here !"

How, when the frosty north wind comes,
They wing their way to Southern homes,
To build, and rear their precious brood
In meadow, marsh, or shady wood,
And groves melodious with cheer,
Where robins sing, "Curly, come here !"

How, when the genial spring comes back,
That many birds retrace their track

Across the broad aerial tide,
With neither chart nor map to guide,
To the same nest from year to year,
Where robin sings, "Curly, come here!"

Alas ! what dire event portends !
Our pleasant chat in sorrow ends ;
The song has ceased ; a scream is heard—
Quick ! run ! the cat has caught a bird !
No more her mate with warning clear
Sings on his bough, "Curly, come here !"

THE RESCUE.

Firm in her fangs Grimalkin bears
In triumph to her hopeful heirs
Of feline cunning and caprice,
Her bleeding victim. But release
Will come at last ; for nimble feet
Are on her track, and very fleet—
With loving hands and tearful eyes,
And ears that heard the captive's cries ;
And she will rescue. Joy ! she brings
Poor redbreast with her broken wings,
Now dripping with her life's warm blood ;
See from her neck the purple flood
Is ebbing fast ; while round the nest
With trembling wing and song suppressed,
Hither and thither her mate is flying ;
Unhappy bird, your friend is dying !
So with us all ; the dearest friends
And choicest treasures Heaven lends,

All we have learned to love and prize,
Pride of our hearts, light of our eyes,
May in a moment flee away
A moral blight or death's cold prey,
To leave us with our living grief
A social wreck with no relief
Save in the grave, where in the dust
We've buried all our sacred trust.
Now safe within her half-built nest,
Beneath the plum let robin rest.
Wrapped in the moss she gathered there,
She feels no want, she knows no care,
And when in spring her mate shall come
Back to the shadow of the plum,
Or to his cherry bough on high,
He'll sing, "Curly good-by, good-by!"

CURLY'S EPITAPH, WITH A MORAL.

Here lie the bones of a faithful wife :
By a cruel cat she lost her life.
While at her nest with skill she wrought,
Loving and trusting, she was caught.
So many a fairer bird than she,
With heart as pure and song as free,
Has fallen in an evil hour,
A prey to man's seductive power.

DAY-DREAMS OF A WANDERER.

I DREAM of my happy, happy home among the hills,
Where, all the bright summer hours,
I danced to the music of the merry, merry rills,
And talked to the gay wild flowers.
The birds among the branches sung,
And the bees went humming by,
While from the rocks wild echoes rung—
A merry, merry boy was I.

I see in my dreams one happy, happy face
From the brook reflected clear,
As from its cool depths I drew the shining dace,
And laughed at her girlish fear.
She would not take them from the hook,
But mildly would insist
That I should give them back to the brook—
And I could not resist.

Again in my dreams I behold that lovely face,
As, kneeling at my side,
She vowed with a true maid's modesty and grace,
To be my willing bride.
Four blissful years had nearly flown,
When lo ! a shadow fell—
And the light of my happy home was gone—
A home that I loved so well.

I see through my tears the smile that lingered there
As they closed the coffin-lid,
And I raised to heaven one agonizing prayer
As they bore away my dead.
Then, with the last expiring knell
The rattling turf went down ;
Upon my bleeding heart it fell
With a dull and dismal sound.

They told me the mellow earth should be
Piled lightly o'er her breast ;
Then slowly and sadly I turned away,
And left her there to rest.
Again the bees went humming by,
And the birds their songs renewed ;
But their joys awoke no sympathy
In my heart's deep solitude.

The home of my youth by the winding brook
Grew dim on the distant strand,
As I gave one longing, lingering look
At the hills of my native land.
But they faded soon to the line of green
That marked the receding shore,
And the darkening ocean lay between—
I shall never see them more.

Alone I have wandered in a stranger land,
Unloved, unblest, unknown ;
I've seen the Arab amid desert sand,
And the monarch on his throne.

I've seen in the cottage, crime and tears—
In the palace, domestic ills ;
But life nowhere like the few sunny years
Of my home among the hills.

I am growing weary of wandering o'er the world,
For age is beginning now
To weave silver threads through the glossy locks that
curled
So playfully o'er my brow.
But as Memory links her golden chain,
A keen desire thrills
My heart, to hear those merry birds again,
And to see my native hills :

To tread once more the loved land of my birth,
With its blue sky over my head ;
To visit again the dearest spot on earth—
The graves of my sainted dead.
But alas ! what bitter memories come !
There is now no cordial hand,
No gentle voice to welcome me home :
I must die in a foreign land.

My dream is past, and the shadows that obscured
The morning of my love
Have fled, and I see that the sorrows I endured
Will be joys in that world above.
On its shining shore my lost one stands,
And beckons me to come,
With loving smiles and outstretched hands
To welcome my spirit home.

THOUGHTS FOR THE YOUNG.

IMPETUOUS youth is like some mountain stream
That dashes down a deep declivity ;
Now in the sun we see its silvery gleam,
Now through the shade it murmurs mournfully.
The spirit springs exulting into life,
Impulsive, ardent, hopeful, trusting all ;
But soon the heart is filled with bitter strife,
And shades of doubt and disappointment fall.
Pure from the fountain of immortal joy,
It springs all radiant with love's own light ;
But soon, with sin and passion's dark alloy,
It gathers shadows for the coming night ;
Yet when this night of pain and death is past,
And freedom to the fettered spirit come,
A day whose glory shall forever last
Shall break in splendor on the spirit's home.
Those silver lamps that silent evening brings,
And nightly hangs high in the vaulted blue,
Are but the fadeless glories heaven flings
Upon her golden pavements, shining through ;
So from the eyes of him who would be pure,
There ever beams a calm and holy light—
A sunshine of the soul that shall endure
When all things else are wrapt in endless night.
Then strive, dear friend, so to preserve thy soul
As not to dim its moral purity.
Keep all the baser passions in control,
Nor stoop to pleasure's false assurity :

For there will come a time when hateful vice,
 Robed in the garb of spotless innocence,
Will rise and claim thy heart's best sacrifice,
 And leave thee naught but sin as recompense.
All pleasure is not sin ; the great and good
 Find in the study of fair Nature's face
A sweet enjoyment, far above the crude
 And grosser pleasures of perverted taste.
Our moral world is made of opposites ;
 Of pain and pleasure, confidence and fears ;
Here, good prevails ; there, evil's snare besets ;
 Here, virtue reigns ; there, sorrow, crime, and tears.
Through all our social fabric darkly run
 The threads of good and evil, intertwined ;
From crafty creed or fertile fancies spun,
 To charm and lead astray the youthful mind.
The shades of right and wrong are strangely mixed,
 As light and shadow in the twilight gloom :
But the laws of each are uniform and fixed ;
 One opens heaven ; the other, an early tomb.
The love of one brings happiness and peace,
 And points to wisdom as the way to bliss ;
The other, transient joys that soon shall cease,
 And plunge the soul in sorrow's dark abyss.
To analyze and choose 'twixt right and wrong
 Is reason's task, by education's aid.
To will alone the powers of mind belong ;
 Let conscience speak, and be her voice obeyed.
'Tis said there may be traced upon the skies,
 In dotted lines of jeweled stars, these words :
Let fallen man be virtuous and wise,
 And his are all the joys that earth affords.

Again in Nature's book, wide open spread,
In every humble flower that decks the sod,
On every quivering leaf, this truth I've read :
For man all things were made, but man for God.

A LEGEND OF JERSEY WITCHCRAFT.

IN Jersey there lived, as I have been told,
When science was yet in its shell,
A worthy old Dutchman, who offered much gold
To any wise man who could tell
How to drive from his cellar a troublesome witch,
Who nightly disturbed his repose,
By leading him forth o'er thorn, hedge, and ditch
By a ring made fast in his nose.

That witches infested his cellar was clear,
And fed on his plentiful store
Of apples and sourkrout, cider and beer,
Though he barred every window and door.

His cider-barrels leaked from both spigot and bung,
The brine from his pork ran away ;
His cheese and his vinegar wouldn't come strong,
But his cabbage soon went to decay.

Strange noises were heard by the Dutchman himself,
And oft by his family, no doubt,
As though all the pots and the pans on the shelf
Were dancing a hornpipe about.

Some nights all the china seemed taking a tilt,
With andirons, cream-crock, and churn ;
But each in its place, nothing broken or spilt,
Was found at the morning's return.

" So droubled am I," said our hero one day,
" Dat I'd giff de pest hoss in mine parn,
If any old vizard would dravel dis vay,
And trive dis old hag from mine varm.

" Mine cals dey run vild, mine cows dey run try,
No putter mine voman can make ;
Mine pees leave de hives, mine gattles dey ties,
No gomfort at all can I dake.

" Mine galves come too late, mine lambs come too soon,
Mine colts slip deir chints at de stifle ;
Mine fence-dimber cut in de new of der moon,
Vill powder-post spite of der tuifel."

One evening when all had retired to bed
And left the old man in his chair,
He sighed as the darkness grew thicker, and said,
" Ich wold garn ins bet ga won ich darf."

But the old mansion shook with a November gale,
Dread spectres were stalking without,
And howled through each crevice the horrible tale
That Mynheer was thinking about.

Dense wreaths of tobacco smoke curled round his head,
While the old kitchen-clock, that for years
Had measured each moment of time as it sped,
Ticked louder, to banish his fears.

But the darkness grew thicker, the candle burnt blue,
A sulphurous smell filled the room,
While the tumult without waxed fiercer, as grew
The clock-face more pale in the gloom.

While Van Hosen thus mused, (for that was his name,)
The clock in the corner tolled one ;
The candle went out, when a fit seized his frame,
And he thought, Sure the devil is come !

The door was thrown open, a figure rushed in—
A bellowing sound, then a crash !
All consciousness fled, while away on the wind
The Dutchman was borne in a flash.

The whole of that night, in the form of a horse,
He scoured the country around,
With a witch on his back, as a matter of course ;
And not until morning he found
Himself in his chair, his hat in his hand,
His pipe and his wig on the floor :
The storm had passed off, the morning was clear,
And the clock ticked on as before.

A SONG WITH SOMETHING IN IT.

A WONDERFUL thing I'm about to sing—
A song with something in it ;
In a style so terse for modern verse
That I hardly know how to begin it.
Though poet's dreams may cover reams
Of cap or broadest letter,
They are usually made of moonshine and shade,
Or of love, which is little better.
A song with something in it—
The world has rarely seen it—
Oh ! a wonderful thing I'm about to sing—
A song with something in it.

In other days the poet's praise
Was the gods and deeds of valor ;
But now his theme is the god supreme
Of this world, the heroic dollar.
For nothing will go, among high or low,
No pill the public will swallow,
Unless it is seen through a golden sheen,
Or shines in the light of a dollar.
A song with something in it—
The world has rarely seen it—
Oh ! a wonderful thing I'm about to sing—
A song with something in it.

A lady may meet a friend on the street
Who wishes her hand to secure ;

But she passes him by with averted eye,
For she knows, alas ! he is poor ;
His coat is rusty, his hat is dusty,
And he wears a crumpled collar ;
But what is worse than the last or first,
His pocket is minus the dollar.
A song with something in it—
The world has rarely seen it—
Oh ! a wonderful thing I'm about to sing—
A song with something in it.

How sad and sore has been this war
Upon many a stricken mother ;
It has taken from one a brother or son—
And a husband from another.
A nurse will go to the camp of a foe,
Or wherever duty may call her ;
But the coward sits down in his counting room
And nurses his doubtful dollar.
A song with something in it—
The world has rarely seen it—
Oh ! a wonderful thing I'm about to sing—
A song with something in it.

And doubtful it is, 'mid the crash and fizz
Of banks and corporations ;
For gold has flown to the shining zone
Of distant constellations ;
In epochs olden, the adjective, golden,
Was a favorite word with poets ;
But now e'en the name has a premium claim,
To be paid in greenback notes.

A song with something in it—
The world has rarely seen it—
Oh ! a wonderful thing I'm about to sing—
A song with something in it.

If my song shall bring on its paper wing
One revenue stamp worth a quarter,
I will try one more to show how this war
Puts the negro in very hot water ;
How he's hooted and jeered, and spit on and speared
From the streets of New-York to Fort Pillow :
When I've ended my songs of his manifold wrongs,
I will hang up my harp on the willow.

A song with a negro in it—
But 'tis not yet time to begin it ;
The wonderful thing I commenced to sing,
Was a song with a dollar in it.

LAUDABLE AMBITION.

HAD I a tongue like a comet's tail,
And a mouth like the orbit of Mars ;
Had I a throat like that cavernous well
Into which 'tis said dame Nature fell
And spilt all the glittering stars ;
Had I a voice that would fill all space,
As the water fills the sea,
I'd plant one foot on Jupiter's face,
The other upon the sun I'd place,
And I'd cry, " Behold, see me !"

Had I a quill from a comet's tail,
 I'd make a stupendous pen ;
 The darkness I'd bottle up for ink,
 And set myself down on the clouds to think,
 Surveying the haunts of men.
 I'd dip my pen in the midnight gloom
 And write on the milky way,
 " Let the angels who travel this path make room ;
 For the heavens were made for man, I presume,
 And man brooks no delay."

He rushes from earth like a huge balloon
 When his moorings are snapped by death ;
 He shoots like a rocket apast the moon,
 Arrives at the orbit of Saturn soon,
 And pauses at Herschel for breath.
 He stops to lunch at the nearest fixed star,
 And hastily dines at Orion ;
 Then mounts again his electric car,
 And over the nebulous fields afar
 His ambitious spirit is flying.

He wanders at will through the universe,
 But finds no genial pursuit ;
 Its circulating medium he can't disburse,
 No treasure he finds for his spiritual purse,
 No delightful forbidden fruit.
 So earthward he turns his bedazzled eyes,
 And sighs for its dusky retreats ;
 Among its shadows some friends he descries,
 And swift as a meteor he thitherward flies,
 But a chilling welcome he meets.

He nervously grasps some medium's hand
And scribbles in stumbling rhyme
Nonsensical talk of the spirit-land,
Or tips for amusement some table or stand,
And thus he employs his time.
He finds no God in the universe,
No place for a heaven or hell ;
He loves the earth with its primitive curse,
And wishing to make it not better, but worse,
Comes back in its shadows to dwell.

He overturns customs, long-cherished and wise,
As he overturns tables and stands ;
The creed of the Gospel he bluntly denies,
Its doctrines he calls dogmatical lies,
And raps out his own commands.
No marriage relation is sacred—indeed,
Free love he boldly commends ;
Our passions burn out if but chastity feed ;
Like the fires of Pluto, fresh fuel they need.
Sweet sinners, new faces, new friends.

I would recommend, therefore, an atmosphere
In which no spirits can live ;
Not even the spirits of wine or beer,
But the milk of kindness, and water clear,
Such as nature alone can give.
No spirits to muddle or soften the brain,
Corrupt or dethrone the mind ;
For this, I infer, from a logical train,
No spirits come back to this world again,
Who ever a better one find.

GEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE

GEOLOGISTS surmise, ay, prove it to a fraction,
That this fair earth
Was at her birth
In a state of liquefaction ;
But that nature and time wrought many a change,
And drew forth objects new and strange.

The motion on her axis produced conglomeration ;
And soon a crust
Of rock and dust
Was formed, for vegetation.
A dent in this shell the ocean found,
And left quite bare the fertile ground.

The seasons went and came, but left no fossil time ;
Though herbs and trees
And flowers and bees
And mountains that towered sublime,
Appeared on the face of the infant earth,
And to many a fish did the sea give birth.

Meantime, while Nature toiled, great rivers changed
their beds ;
And where the sea
Was wont to be,
Tall mountains reared their heads.
Reptiles and beasts had all been formed,
And the air with birds and insects swarmed.

Yet all was not yet complete : the lord of this creation
Was not yet made,
To wield the spade
And nurture vegetation ;
But at length there sprang from Nature's hand
Her crowning work, a perfect man.

Thus science contradicts the words of inspiration ;
For Moses says,
Within six days
God finished all creation ;
The heavens with all their clustering stars,
The earth, its animals and flowers.

That on the seventh day from all his works he rested ;
And that one of seven
Might taste of heaven,
He hallowed it and blessed it ;
As proof that these were days, not years,
The evening and the morn appears.

Yet should one dare to question the primeval earth's
fluidity,
Geologists
Would sneer and hiss,
And call it sheer stupidity ;
These scientific men of letters
Regard themselves as Moses' betters.

OUR UNION FOREVER !

OUR Union, our Union ! the pride of the world,
The boast of our brave-hearted brothers ;
To the free mountain breeze be her banner unfurled,
And float o'er the graves of our fathers.
Let us rally round our flag
While its stars above us shine,
And let no factious hand dare to sever
The symbol of our might,
And the holy ties that bind
The Union, our Union forever !

Our country united the foe may defy—
No conquering horde dare invade her ;
But broken, her fame and her glory will die
With the mem'ry of those who betrayed her.
Then let's rally round our flag
While its stars above us shine,
And let no factious hand dare to sever
The symbol of our might,
And the holy ties that bind
The Union, our Union forever !

Oh ! sacred to peace is the land of our birth
One people, one language, one nation ;
And shall we surrender this fair spot of earth
To the demon of war's desolation ?

No ! we'll rally round our flag
While its stars above us shine,
And let no factious hand dare to sever
The symbol of our might,
And the holy ties that bind
The Union, our Union forever !

While anthems of liberty's praise shall be sung
By the voice of old Niagara's thunder—
When the stars and the stripes to the breezes are flung,
Will ye rend, will ye tear them asunder ?
No ! let us rally round our flag
While its stars above us shine,
And let no factious hand dare to sever
The symbol of our might,
And the holy ties that bind
The Union, our Union forever !

To the people we turn in this perilous hour—
To patriots, not politicians ;
Above us the dark clouds of anarchy lower
And rumor is black with seditions.
Let us rally round our flag
While its stars above us shine,
And let no factious hand dare to sever,
The symbol of our might,
And the holy ties that bind
The Union, our Union forever !

The glorious fabric our forefathers reared
For liberty's sacred transmission,
By the hands of degenerate sons, it is feared,
Must soon fall a prey to ambition.
Let us rally round our flag
While its stars above us shine,
And let no factious hand dare to sever
The symbol of our might,
And the holy ties that bind
The Union, our Union forever !

Brave sons of Kentucky, to you we appeal
For counsel and cool moderation ;
But should safety require true hearts and true steel,
Will ye strike for the flag of our nation ?
Yes ! we'll rally round our flag
While the stars above us shine,
And let no factious hand dare to sever
The symbol of our might,
Or the holy ties that bind
Our Union, our Union forever !

FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT!

WE long for the time when the mellow chime
Of peace shall sound afar ;
When that hated word shall no more be heard—
The scourge of our nation—war.
But while the traitors' hands are red
With the blood of the brave and free,
We ask no peace till each rebel head
Shall bow to victory.
Then fight for the right, then fight for the right,
Then fight for the homes we love !
May the hearts that bleed for our country's need
Find peace in that home above !

We long for the day when Liberty's sway
O'er this goodly land shall extend ;
When the bloody bands from our brothers' hands
Shall fall, and oppression end ;
When North and South, and East and West
Shall be joined in harmony,
And a thousand sails on the ocean's crest
Shall proclaim that we are free.
Then fight for the right, then fight for the right,
Then fight for the homes we love !
May the hearts that bleed for our country's need
Find peace in that home above !

TOLL THE BELL !

FOR the heroes that sleep in Southern graves,
Toll the bell, toll the bell !
For the people that weep their fallen braves,
Toll the bell, toll the bell !
Let the tone be deep and strong,
Let the note be solemn and long,
Till the gayest heart shall toll the bell
For the noble boys that we loved so well.

For the brothers and sons that are kindly spared,
Chime the bell, chime the bell !
For loving ones they have dangers dared—
Chime the bell, chime the bell !
Let the tone be loud and grand,
Let the note be joyous and bland,
Till the saddest heart shall with rapture bound
To welcome again the loved ones found.

To the memory of those who shall ne'er return,
Raise the mound, raise the mound !
May their ashes repose in Liberty's urn—
Raise the mound, raise the mound !
Build the monument firm and high,
Till its spire shall pierce the sky ;
That its record may to ages tell
Of the noble boys that we loved so well.

THE SOLDIERS' WELCOME HOME.

WELCOME home ! welcome home ! brave defenders of the state !

Long we've hoped and waited your return ;
From the conflict you are safe—from the prison's cruel
fate—

To happy hearts and open arms you come.

Welcome home ! welcome home ! thus we greet you,
every one !

Loving eyes have wept for your delay ;
Tongue can never tell the pangs that a mother's breast
has known,
Nor the joy her heart is bounding with to-day.

Welcome home ! welcome home ! friends and neighbors
bid you come ;

Long and well we have kept the vacant chair ;
We have missed your cheerful smile when our daily
task was done—

Save in battle, we have missed you everywhere.

Welcome home ! welcome home ! now your noble
work is done ;

Haughty foes have trembled at your power ;
When your children shall recount all the battles you
have won,

You will boast the friendly greeting of this hour.

Welcome home ! welcome home ! brave defenders of
the land,
Bring the flag that you have proudly borne ;
Once again, once again, 'neath its shadow we'll stand ;
Not a star or stripe is dimmed or torn.

SKELETON OF THE HEARTHSTONE.

TWO children went forth in the spring-time of
youth,
And merrily sung as the bright sun arose,
Their hearts brimming over with innocent truth,
But knew not the wiles of its dangerous foes.
They sung with the birds in the leaf-clad bowers,
They danced with the brooklets among the hills,
They brushed the bright dew from the mosses and
flowers,
But saw not the omen of coming ills.
Two lovers went forth in the summer of life,
The sun shining brightly above their heads ;
She had promised to be his devoted wife,
And trusting and kind were the words he said.
He spoke of their childhood—its innocent love—
That through all those years his heart had not strayed ;
Then called on the earth and the heavens above,
To record the vows he had solemnly made.
But a skeleton, ghostly, and grim, and lean,
Walked ever beside the devoted pair ;
While fierce from their sockets, his eyeballs of green
Gleamed out with a serpent's malignant glare.

Two sinners went forth in the autumn of life,
The one to the right, and the other the left ;
The skeleton sat on the hearthstone of strife,
And laughed as he thought of the hearts he had cleft.
Two wanderers came in the winter of age,
And the frost on their hair told of sorrow and pain ;
She her promise renewed, he repeated his pledge,
And the skeleton—Jealousy—came not again.
Two graves were dug in the old churchyard,
Two coffins were brought as the sun went down ;
Two weary hearts, oft bleeding and scarred,
Now rest in peace 'neath that sacred mound.
No skeleton comes to that churchyard, I ween,
To trouble the dreams of that slumbering pair ;
But still from their sockets, his eyeballs of green
Gleam out with a serpent's malignant glare.
Should a skeleton come to your hearthstone to-day,
Afford him no shelter, no welcoming smile ;
One prayer for the erring will drive him away,
One word fitly spoken will banish his spell.

THOUGHTS CAN NEVER DIE.

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

AN Album should be held in sacred trust,
As one would keep the tomb of some dear friend ;
For in its pages buried, lie the thoughts
Of those we love, or those we should have loved.
And what is thought ? A product of the mind ;
A mental seed that may in darkness lie,

For ages wrapped within the dusty folds
Of some old musty book—the food of worms.

At length, illumined by the light of truth,
And moistened by the tears that Memory sheds
O'er thoughts and hopes long buried in the past,
These little germs, so full of moral force,
May spring, and bloom, and bear immortal fruit.
The passing years with slow and measured tread
Will leave us not ; but with resistless power
Will bear us onward with the march of time,
Forever onward, down the great highway
That all have traveled from creation's dawn.
Nor may we pause to pluck a wayside flower,
Or slake our thirst at pleasure's bubbling spring,
But ever onward to the brink of death—
Then drop into eternity.

'Tis all,
And yet not all ; as thoughts can never die,
Nor can the mind that gave them moral birth ;
The source of mind from which it emanates,
Will gather to itself each wandering ray
To shine at last in one eternal day.

But you, my little friend, so buoyant now,
So full of life's young promise, hopes, and joys,
Will not now understand what I have penned,
But deem each sentence mystical and dull.

Yet for the sake of one who loves you well,
And others who contribute to your store
Of kind mementos, treasure these few lines.
And when the hand that penned them shall be still,
The lips that gave them speech shall silence keep,
And when this heart no sentiment shall warm,
But pulseless lie among its kindred dust,
Then read and ponder : thoughts can never die.

BRING FLOWERS.

BRING flowers, bring flowers of richest dyes,
With perfumed breath and dewy eyes—
Bright as the pearl that sparkling lies
'Neath the ocean tide.
But rather bring flowers of thought that bloom
On the mortal side of the shadowy tomb ;
For some perchance may yet find room
On the other side.

From little streams great rivers flow,
From little seeds large pumpkins grow,
From little efforts who can know
What good may come ?
Then fill your vase with the choicest flowers
That bloom within those mental bowers.
Their light may cheer the passing hours
Of many a home.

The sweetest rose I ever knew,
Had scarcely drank the morning dew—
When from her open bosom flew
 An enemy.

So, friends, beware what foes invade
 Your flowers of thought—they too may fade,
And fall beneath the tooth and blade
 Of bug or bee.

This short but simple history shows
That thoughts as well as flowers have foes ;
That ne'er a good intention grows
 Without a thorn.

Guard well your thoughts from every wrong,
Make every good intention strong,
And evil will not tempt you long,
 Nor pride, nor scorn.

Above them all you soon shall rise,
The stars shall ope their radiant eyes,
And wonder with a mute surprise
 Where you have gone.

The solar frame you soon shall scan,
Weigh every planet in your hand,
Then high above Orion stand
 'Mid worlds unknown.

If we for sake of argument,
Have with the serious, humor blent,
We wish no sinister intent
 Attributed.

For contrast is the way to show
That pleasures here are mixed with woe ;
That upward is the way to go,
Or straight ahead.

FARMER'S SONG AND CHORUS.

TROL LA ! trol la ! away to the plow !
Both happy and free is a farmer's son ;
He earns his bread by the sweat of his brow,
And lives at his ease when his toil is done.
By honest industry he has gained his wealth,
And lives for his friends as well as himself.
Trol la ! trol la ! sing merrily !
A farmer's life is the life for me !
Trol la ! trol la ! both happy and free
Is a farmer's life—'tis the life for me.

With the lowing ox and the bleating flocks,
With horses and swine his land he stocks ;
Of useful books has a rich supply,
And his garners are filled with corn and rye.
In the cool green glade he sleeps in the shade,
And dreams of none but a farmer's maid,
Trol la ! trol la ! sing merrily !
A farmer's life is the life for me !
Trol la ! trol la ! both happy and free
Is a farmer's life—'tis the life for me.

ODE TO A MAMMOTH STRAWBERRY.

DELICIOUS friend, so plump, and ripe, and red,
 So sweet and fragrant to the smell and taste,
 All fresh and glorious from thy leafy bed,
 And blushing scarlet at the approach of day,
 Thou didst awake, and lift thy ponderous head,
 All glittering with the diamond dew of May,
 That e'en the morning breezes as they pass
 To meet the sun did love to kiss away.
 And then upon thy slender pedestal,
 Inviting, tempting, smiling, thou didst stand
 In all thy huge proportions, vast and round,
 With thy full store of juices rich and cool,
 Refreshing to the lowly as the grand ;
 The soul of kisses, nectar of delight,
 The sweets of love all centered in thy heart,
 A lifetime of great joys in one huge bite ;
 Ecstatic bliss and pleasures most profound !
 Such joys—such joys alone thou canst impart !

And now, to this bright bowl of golden cream,
 Congealed by artificial winter, lo !
 I thee consign, with all thy sisterhood
 Of sweet companions, numbering just two score.
 And though I may to thee ungrateful seem,
 For such a cool reception at my hand,
 May she who did so generously bestow
 On me and mine a gift so rare and good,
 Long live, to share the blessings Heaven shall pour
 In copious showers on this goodly land !

ODE TO NIAGARA.

MAJESTIC river, full of awe and wonder,
Roll onward in thy might, and roar like thunder ;

Bring from the upper lakes where the waters nap,
Thy burthens to this brink, and let 'em drap.
Roll onward in thy wrath, and foam and spatter ;
My bark is on dry land—that's what's the matter.
To pay for all this splurge, there's a Lincoln cent,
I've dropped it in thy surge—so let it went !
If more thou still demand, there's a Canada copper,
Large as a full-blown moon—put that in your hopper !
Methinks I feel a bug, and hear him hum ;
'Tis only the " Maid of the Mist," for passengers come.
I've climbed the weary stairs, the steps I've counted,
But wish now by the cars and ropes I'd mounted.
My coat is wet with spray, but my throat is dry ;
This scene is grand, they say, but it's all in their eye.
I've heard of thee, Niagara, and now I've found thee ;
But sorry thou dost keep such robbers round thee.
The Yankees stole my purse, John Bull my hat,
And my last disputed stamp I paid to Pat.
So now I've nothing left, as I'm a sinner,
To recompense " mine host" for his dollar dinner.
But hold ! I have it now—there goes the bell !
I'll sell my ode, I vow ! Old stream, farewell !
Should e'er we meet again, with case inverted,
I, tumbling toward the main, thou, dry and deserted,
I'll wet thy husky throat till thou feelest staggering,
And I'll sprinkle well thy coat. Farewell, Niagara !

Should e'er we meet again this side the ocean,
 I'll sing in loftier strain my deep devotion ;
 I'll praise thy gorgeous bow till my voice shall quiver.
 But the steam is up—we go. Good-by, old river !
 Good-by ! the echoes die with the cataract thunder,
 While away like the wind we fly to a western wonder,
 Where objects meet the sight too marvelous to tell,
 Where cities grow up in a night. Fogies, farewell !
 For the golden land I'm bound, where the trees reach
 heaven,
 With trunks four miles around—diameter seven ;
 Where grapes like pumpkins grow in every dell,
 Where corn needs plow nor hoe. Reader, farewell !
 And when I've reached the shore by the "Great Pacific,"
 I'll carve on the depot door this hieroglyphic ;
 A sleeping car, marked "through," 'neath a huge balloon,
 Myself among the crew, labeled, "the moon."

A NEW-YEAR'S GREETING.

AS gushing fountains deep in solitude
 Send forth their streams to meet the parent
 flood ;
 So from my heart there springs in ceaseless flow,
 Affection's streams that murmur as they go,
 In cadence sweet ;
 A prayer that God may strengthen and support
 My aged parents, and their trust in him ;

That though on earth their pilgrimage is short,
They may arise where clouds shall never dim
Their perfect sight.

Again in fancy's voice I seem to hear
The merry greeting of a bright New-Year,
From brothers, sisters, as once more I come
To join your circle in our happy home
Where oft we've met.

Then memory's golden chain I backward trace,
And seem to live each pleasure o'er again ;
Calling to mind each dear, familiar face,
Till early childhood ends the glittering train—
Delusion sweet.

The cup of youth with ever-sparkling joys,
No bitter tear of sorrow now alloys ;
The noon of life my recollection crowds
With care's deep shadows, yet no angry clouds
Its skies obscure.

Our little piques and differences, I trust,
The touch of time hath crumbled into dust ;
And now, farewell, companions of my youth !
With each New-Year I'll come, if not in truth,
In fancy sure.

Farewell, my mother ! Tears unbidden start
At that dear name—pure tribute of my heart.
And father, thou whose form is bent with age,
Whose words were ever kind and counsel sage—
To thee, farewell !

Though I have sought a home in distant lands,
And we are scattered like the falling leaves,
The Father of us all in glory stands—
In mercy waits—in pity he receives ;
There may we dwell !

TO FATE.

RELENTLESS fate ! in what portentous cloud
That rose at life's first dawn, didst thou en-
shroud

Forever in silent gloom my destiny !
And shall this cloud forever obscure life's day ?
Shall evening gather o'er me when I'm old,
With all its dusky shadows drear and cold,
And not one star to light my lonely way
Upon the unknown deep of Eternity ?
Shall age come tottering on with feeble tread,
With furrowed brow, with bowed and hoary head,
And the dim eye turn once more to view the past,
And the heart grow sick and faint, as the chilling blast
Of disappointment sweeps o'er the saddened soul,
When memory fain would die ? shall I be old ?
Shall youth go forth unchecked 'mid the frowns of
heaven,
Unblessed by those who should have counsel given ;
Unloved, unwept by those who should have known
How the young soul lives in affection's tone ?
And can the world, with all its pomp and pride,
Its cold and hollow hearts, fill up this void ?

My boyhood dreams are past ! their visions fled !
And the brightest flowers of hope are crushed and dead ;
The thunder's voice, and the wild, bleak wind that
 moans

Through the forests deep, are to me affection's tones.
Ah ! yes ; e'en now yon ocean's beating surge
Hath hollowed my grave and sung my funeral dirge ;
And on my ear hath died the passing knell.
Rocks, mountains, streams, and home, farewell ! fare-
 well !

THE TWO FRIENDS.

WHEN I was but a boy, I saw two trees
 Upon the margin of a meadow brook ;
The one, a willow waving in the breeze ;
 The other firmer stood—a stately oak.

And they together grew, together cast
 Their blended shadows o'er the laughing stream ;
While arm in arm they braved the wintry blast,
 Nor feared the flood nor summer's scorching beam.

At length a cloud rose in the southern sky,
 At first no larger than an open hand ;
But soon portentous grew to every eye ;
 The heavens black, obscuring sea and land.

My leafy friends, still locked in love's embrace,
Regardless of the fate that might impend,
Stood silent, firmly rooted in their place ;
When lo ! I saw the fatal shaft descend,

And heard the voice, the thunder's mighty peal,
And saw my favorite trees bow to the stroke.
Alone the willow stood, alone to feel
That prostrate at her feet, the riven oak

Lay scorched and withering. Brown autumn came ;
And winter's freezing breath and drifting snow ;
And spring at last, with leaf and flower, the same
As in the balmy days of long ago.

But not so to the willow ; she had sighed
Through all the weary nights and dreary days,
Till one by one her drooping branches died ;
And now beside the oak her trunk decays.

Remember, you who boast of early friends,
That love has strengthened in the flight of years ;
That often o'er your heads a cloud impends,
Instead of jeweled joys drops bitter tears.

MAIDEN MODESTY.

THERE is a beauty in the modest mien
Of unassuming maiden. Who hath seen,
And not confessed its power, felt its charm,
And found his heart with true affection warm ?
A timid frankness heightens every grace,
And modesty adorns her lovely face.
A winning voice, a mind that can perceive,
Quick to resent, but ready to forgive ;
Favors on all she generously bestows,
And kindly smiles alike on friends and foes.
Could I possess the confidence and love
Of such a friend—an angel from above,
With all her heavenly graces, would not be
In word or look, one half so dear to me.

EARLY LOVE.

THE first gay flowers that through their leaflets
shine,
To me are brighter than the second bloom.
The earliest fruit that ripens on the vine
Is sweeter far than when old frost has come,
With biting breath to scatter at his feet
The shivering leaves and leave the clusters bare,
To turn to acid every native sweet,
And steal the fragrance from the balmy air.

The spring of life is joyous, fresh, and new—
Its feast of flowers rapturous, divine ;
In every chaliced cup of sparkling dew
It sees a world of promised pleasure shine.
The youthful maiden's heart is hopeful, kind ;
But like the tender vine that greets the spring,
Will die if no support its tendrils find—
No manly heart to which its hopes may cling.

MATURE LOVE.

LOVE is a plant that blossoms when the spring
Of life first wakes to youth and beauty's call ;
When the young soul mounts on its joyous wing,
And sees the sun of hope shine over all.
But trust it not, my friend, for time hath shown
That every bloom will fade and fall and die ;
The flowers of affection early blown,
Will wither as the storms of life go by.

Yet when the first warm flush of youth is past,
A second flowering, brighter than before,
Of blossoms that can bear the bitter blast,
Shall in the lap of love its treasures pour,
With golden fruit most pleasant to the sight,
And not forbidden, as in Paradise ;
Those pure domestic joys whose sweets invite,
To make us blest, contented, happy, wise.

TO A LADY.

IN modest woman's voice, so low and sweet,
So full of childlike trust and sympathy,
There is a charm, a minor melody,
That all my list'ning soul goes out to meet.
That voice is thine ; I feel its magic sway,
And all the powers of my soul obey.

BRIGHT THOUGHTS OF THEE.

WHEN care and sorrow round me throw
Their gloomy shadows, all shall flee,
If to my saddened memory flow,
In dreams of home, one thought of thee.

Though other hands may kindly guide
My footsteps wheresoe'er I stray—
Though other friends may gently chide,
Yet will I still remember thee.

At hush of eve, when heaven shall bring
Its silent stars to deck the night,
And o'er the face of nature fling
A smile of purer, holier light ;

When with the day its cares have fled,
And the burthened mind again is free ;
Then memory o'er my heart shall shed
Sweet dreams of home—bright thoughts of thee.

LINES TO SYBIL.

THY path is like the comet's track
That spans the sky above thee ;
Then why not like those orbs turn back
To see how mortals love thee ?

No ! onward wing thine airy flight,
Nor ever look behind thee :
Thy path is marked with love's own light—
I'll follow till I find thee.

A VALENTINE.

IN dreamland I have seen, in visions bright,
The pearly, pebbled stream of friendship flow,
Laughing among lilies with delight,
Or leaping with distrust, from piques that grow
From little differences in taste, or caste,
In fashion or in face, in head or heart,
Throwing their shadows far into the past,
And bidding every present joy depart.

Again I looked, and lo ! a fruitful plain,
In beauty unsurpassed, before me lay ;
The stream of wedlock like a golden chain,
Through beds of flowers wound its peaceful way,
Bearing on its breast a kindlier keel—
A safer bark than friendship is, I ween ;
A partnership with Cupid at the wheel,
And Love herself the goddess of the stream.

Swiftly it glided down the crystal tide,
For Youth and Beauty plied the dripping oar ;
And *they* were there—a lover and his bride ;
And she was fair, but he a sadness wore—
A sadness not of grief, for he was blest ;
Nor of regret, for long he'd sought her hand ;
But only when his conscious heart confessed
How illv he deserved so true a friend.

The vision changed ; the streamlet I had seen
Had now become a deep and mighty river ;
Domestic, was its name, and islets green
Were sleeping on its bosom—sleeping ever.
On one of these bright isles a cottage stood,
Encircled by the shrub and clinging vine,
Deep in the quiet of a shady wood ;
And thou wert there—and I, thy valentine.

TRIBUTE OF LOVE TO NELLIE BELL.

SWEETER than spring-flowers to the bee,
 Are thy blossoming lips, and thy breath to me ;
 Brighter than stars in the wintry skies,
 Are thy laughing, dancing, witching eyes.

Dear Nellie Bell,
 I love thee well !

Sweeter than songs of early birds,
 Purer than brooklet's watery words,
 Softer than music's distant swell,
 Is thy voice to me, sweet Nellie Bell.

Dear Nellie Bell,
 I love thee well !

Like rain among leaves is her fairy step,
 For my ear perceives what from vision is kept ;
 That there's beauty and grace in her gentle mien,
 And my soul pays homage to Nature's queen.

Dear Nellie Bell,
 I love thee well !

Softer than down in the eider's nest
 Is her ivory neck and her budding breast ;
 Like the raven's wing is her glossy hair,
 Than Venus her features are far more fair.

Dear Nellie Bell,
 I love thee well !

I would clasp thee close to my throbbing heart,
And our lips thenceforth should never part;
Our souls should meet in a torrent of bliss,
Engulfing all time in that endless kiss.

Dear Nellie Bell,
I love thee well !

Then in a deep, protracted dream
Our beings would each other's seem ;
Our feelings, thoughts, and fancies blend
In a vision of love, till life should end.

Dear Nellie Bell,
I love thee well !

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

FOR thee, fair friend, I have an earnest wish—
A wish that to my bosom brings new hope ;
As angel voices come at hush of eve,
Whispering the joys and peace of heaven.
'Tis this : and pardon if I tell it thee—
That thy young heart, as pure as this fair page
To which I give the impress of my thoughts,
May ever be unsullied—free from blot or stain,
Or trace of sorrow or of sad regret ;
And though I may not win so fair a prize,
It still may cherish one kind thought of me.

SERENADE TO LIZZIE.

SWEET Lizzie, awake ! 'tis early dawn ;
The golden eyes of morn
Are peeping in o'er flow'ry lawn,
And fields of waving corn.

The eastern hills with rosy light
Are blushing through the trees,
And odors sweet from roses bright,
Float on the morning breeze.

Yet dim are morning's eyes to thine,
And pale her rosy light
To the blushes on thy cheek divine,
And thy neck so lily white.

Then Lizzie, awake ! the dew-drops bright
Are sparkling on each tree,
And a garland of roses, red and white,
Have I wreathed in beauty to thee.

SLUMBER SWEETLY, DEAREST.

A SERENADE.

SLUMBER sweetly, dearest, on virtue's couch of
down ;
May no thorns of fear, love, compose thy queenly
crown ;
Within thy gentle heart, love, may my fair image dwell ;
And through thy dreams impart, love, the tale I dare
not tell.
Dream, oh ! dream of me, through the tranquil night,
love.

Slumber while the moon, love, with floods of silvery
light,
Is bathing field and woodland, and dewy blossoms
bright ;
While softly on thy pillow her shining tresses fall,
May dreams as pure as they, love, one thought of me
recall.
Dream, oh ! dream of me, through the tranquil night,
love.

Slumber, though the tones, love, of my well-tuned guitar,
Should charm the very stones, love, and woo the
brightest star
To leave its azure throne, love, and twinkle at my feet,
To thee, to thee alone, love, this coda I'd repeat :
Dream, oh ! dream of me, through the tranquil night,
love.

Slumber sweetly, dearest ! May no gnawing rat
Break this sacred silence, nor any quarrelsome cat,
With piercing wail infernal, offend thy slumbering ear,
Till every shade nocturnal in horrid shape appear.
Dream, oh ! dream of me, through the tranquil night,
 love.

Slumber sweetly, dearest, till the cock shall crow ;
Till the lark his matin lay on the morning air shall
 throw ;
And though the sun may blush, love, to find thee still
 abed,
My heart shall ever gush, love, with the song thou wilt
 not heed.
Dream, oh ! dream of me, all the day and night, love.

JENNIE BELL.

I LOVE the laughing waters, and the music of the
 birds,
And the echoes of the wood—I love them well ;
But there's naught to me in nature like thy welcome,
 winning words,
And the music of thy voice, Jennie Bell.
Oh ! bright are the waters that ripple through the dell !
Oh ! bright are the waters that ripple through the dell !
And sing to me of thee, Jennie Bell.

I love the purple morning when the dew is on the
flowers,

All glittering like the pearls of ocean shell ;
But I'd turn from all away, to enjoy a few brief hours
In the sunshine of thy smiles, Jennie Bell.
Oh ! bright is the morning—its glories who can tell !
Oh ! pure are the dew-drops in pearly showers that fell !
But not more pure than thou, Jennie Bell.

I love the merry spring-time, when the balmy breath
of May

Brings fragrance from the lawn and leafy dell,
And scatters snowy blossoms ; but I'd turn from all
away,

To the spring-time of thy heart, Jennie Bell.
Oh ! sweet is the spring-time when birds their raptures
tell !

In chorus, full chorus, a thousand voices swell ;
But they sing to me of thee, Jennie Bell.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF
APRIL, 1852.

IF nature sanctions all the rules
That govern wind and weather,
Then by her we are all made fools,
And April fools together.

For when Aurora raised the veil
That shades old Sol's complexion,
A cloudless sky his coming hailed,
Nor raised one slight objection.

The birds rejoiced to see the eye
Of morning beam so gladly ;
But ere the day had fled by,
They, too, were fooled most sadly.

The prince of that mysterious power
That keeps the ocean stewing,
Dispatched a sprite at midnight hour,
To set a storm a-brewing.

And sure enough, it came blustering on
From snow-crowned Alleghany ;
And though the morning brightly dawned,
The day was cold and rainy.

So round the cradle often beams
Bright rays of hope and gladness ;
But oh ! how changed are childhood's dreams,
When age brings scenes of sadness !

A prosperous sun may set at noon,
And leave the future hazy,
A fickle freak of fortune soon
May drive a mortal crazy.

A FRAGMENT.

THERE is a time, when yet the mind is new,
That thoughts half fledged go forth on feeble
wing,
And poised in ether, much bewildered, view
Through fancy's glass, the gliding forms that spring
From unseen hands, to float awhile in air,
Then, like the melting mists at early dawn,
Give place to brighter forms of beauty rare,
That ages past from mystery have drawn.

O faithful Time ! what progeny is thine !
The universe appeared at thy decree ;
But who made thee, thou Artisan divine ?
Self-made thou art from all eternity.
Presumptuous thoughts ! abortions of the mind,
Of sickly birth, and creatures of a day !
How vain to scan what God himself designed,
And call his perfect work Time's progeny !

Blind Fate ! didst thou through ever-during dark,
Grope o'er the elements that formed this world,
And strike from chaos first the electric spark
That lit up space where mad confusion whirled ?
Crude matter sublimed, and rolling nebulae
Which Time hath since reduced to radiant suns,
And from the foam hath formed a galaxy,
That through high heaven's expanse unbroken runs ?

WE SHALL MEET HER THERE.

A DEAR one hath gone to that cloudless land
Where in robes of light she shall ever shine ;
While from harps of gold her radiant hand
Shall strike, in harmony divine,
A song whose theme is the earnest prayer,
That friends, loved friends, may meet her there :

May join her above in the Christian's home,
Where the pure in heart shall forever dwell ;
Amid flowers of fadeless hue to roam,
Or list to the pealing anthem's swell
As it rolls from heaven's angelic choir.
Oh ! say, fond friends, shall we meet her there ?

We shall miss her smile and happy voice—
Her loving heart is cold and still ;
But while we mourn we should yet rejoice,
That, although none her place can fill,
She is freed from earth, from its sorrows and care,
And if Christ is our trust, we shall join her there.

There is one bright thought that should light the void
Of hearts bereft of earthly friends ;
It is this—that to the throne of God
With each dear one our love ascends,
Bearing on its tide the ceaseless prayer,
That we at last may meet them there.

REWARD OF THE FAITHFUL.

HEAVEN will reward the faithful,
The humble, trusting heart,
That in its deepest sorrow
Bears well the Christian's part.
That when the waves of anguish
Sweep o'er the fainting soul,
It bows in meek submission
To Heaven's supreme control.

The labors of the lowly,
With fortitude it bears,
And every human sorrow
In sympathy it shares ;
Though in the turbid ocean
Of sin, it knows no fear,
For through the mist of ages,
It sees that God is near.

It sees him in the rainbow,
His promise ever kind ;
It sees him in the lightning,
It hears him in the wind ;
And though his hand relentless
May crush the last loved one,
The stricken heart, yet faithful,
Still prays, Thy will be done.

So when the silent hours
 Of midnight, dark and dread,
 Walk with their dreamy shadows
 Among the sacred dead ;
 Then, to the erring, doubting,
 There comes a guilty fear ;
 But not so to the faithful—
He feels that *God* is near.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON NELLIE'S BIRTH-
 DAY.

SHE is one year old to-day, husband,
 Our baby is just a year old ;
 She can laugh and cry—there is fun in her eye,
 And a tear on her cheek, though she tries to speak
 What sounds in her mother's ear like words,
 With a voice as sweet as the song of birds,
 And she can prattle and scold.

Yes, our baby is one year old, good wife,
 Just one year old to-day ;
 But the light in her eye may fade and die,
 And the tear on her cheek may of anguish speak
 Deep down in her heart, where a secret dwells,
 That her truthful tongue to no stranger tells,
 When her parents have passed away.

But our baby was born for love, husband,
 Our baby was born for joy ;

She's the dearest child, with temper so mild,
With eyes so bright, and skin so white ;
You know she's a pet with all her kin.
Let us trust that her sorrows may never begin ;
Let her life be without alloy.

May it be as you wish, my trustful wife,
May her days be many and bright ;
May your eyes behold her nature unfold.
Till the bud disclose the perfect rose.
May my ears be blessed with her virtue's praise,
And our hearts be cheered in declining days
With her Christian faith and light.

ECHO DUET.

I LOVE the proud grandeur of the old forest trees,
With their leaves whispering softly their thoughts
to the breeze ;
And I love the bright streamlet that flows at their feet,
Whose low distant murmurs faint echoes repeat.
They say that an echo dwells here in the dell,
Who every fond wish of the young heart can tell.
Hark, the echo ! hark, the echo !
Who every fond wish of the young heart can tell.

I love the merry woodland, where the echoes are found,
Where the rocks and the hills with sweet music resound,
As the echoes awake to the shepherd's shrill horn,
And the notes of the thrush on the breezes are borne.

I love the green trees, and the fragrant wild flowers,
That drink with the dew generous light from above.

Here's an echo, here's an echo,
Here's an echo that wakes to the voice of my love.

EVA'S DREAM.

ONE day when Ma had gone away,
Tired of books and tired of play,
I crept behind my Grandpa's chair,
And soon fell in a slumber there.

Now all was quiet in the house,
And naught disturbed my peaceful nap ;
I dreamed I was a little mouse,
And Johnny caught me in his trap.

Now Cousin John, as you must know,
Is what the big girls call a beau ;
And though he's but a little shaver,
He loves to do the girls a favor.

But cruel now he seemed to me ;
He had set a trap and caught me in it ;
And all because I chanced to be
A little mouse, and not a linnet.

My anger I could not conceal ;
I tried to scratch, I tried to squeal ;
I raved, I tore with all my might,
I tried to gnaw, I tried to bite !

But still the wires closer drew
Around my neck—I felt them choke ;
My breathing shorter, shorter grew—
My struggling ceased, when lo ! I woke,
To find instead of Johnny's snare,
My neck was fast in Grandpa's chair.
I screamed with all my might : he sprung,
And broke—broke his pipe ! My song is sung.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

IN the silent night, when holy stars
Their patient vigils keep,
And stand high heaven's sentinels,
While the earth is wrapped in sleep,
I come to thee in dreams, as bright
As the glittering arch above ;
And though the breezes whisper, Hush !
I whisper words of love.
I dream that in some fairyland
We wander side by side,
And then before an altar stand,
And thou, my darling bride.
And then a palace with its dome,
Its tapestry and gold :

But as I whisper, *Happy home !*
 And stoop to kiss—behold,
 Behold my treasure is not there !
 The vision bright hath flown,
 And I am still a bachelor,
 Dejected and alone.

FRAGMENT.

THROUGH Fate's kaleidoscope, I see
 That what has been, again may be :
 This world is like a dinner-pot
 Filled with water boiling hot ;
 Each atom near the heated sides
 Expands, and to the surface glides,
 While those which float upon the top
 Are cooled, and to the bottom drop.
 But soon they kiss the heated metal,
 And then expand, while from the kettle
 Clouds of mist in air ascend,
 And so on till the boiling end.
 Nor is the circle yet complete ;
 Its perimeter does not yet meet.
 The air is like an onion formed
 Of strata, ever cooled and warmed
 In regions so unequally,
 That watery vapor thus set free,
 Is soon condensed, soon falls in rain,
 But only to be boiled again.

TRIBUTE TO MY PONY.

WOULD Poesy gush at every pore
As honey exudes from the brier,
I'd tune my pastoral pipes once more,
And string my neglected lyre ;
I'd sing not of potentates, priests, or kings,
Nor of princely parts fleshy or bony ;
But I'd sweep my lyre's triumphant strings
In praise of my faithful pony.

I'd sing of his virtues, if virtue there be
In servants homo or equinal ;
Of his almost human sagacity,
His instincts, affections ; and, final,
I'd sing of the power that brutes possess—
Call it memory or local impression—
By which they return to a favorite place,
And recognize former possession.

Through the darkness that lies in my rayless track,
But obscures not his perfect vision,
He bears me safe on his trusty back,
Remembering with great precision,
Each rural retreat where he's wont to stop
At hitching-post, gate, or stable,
Or the pasture field, where he loves to crop
The bounties of nature's table.

Alone on his back I have forded streams,
 Unbridged by the swelling floods ;
 With him I have traversed in mid-day dreams
 The aisles of the echoing woods.
 Through the thickly crowded thoroughfare
 He cautiously picks his way,
 Resisting the rein, as if aware
 The rider—not he, must obey.

Along the busy, bustling streets
 He gallops with rapid pace,
 While echoes respond to his clattering feet,
 Telling each familiar place.
 His eye spies out the smoothest road,
 Avoiding all ditches and sluices,
 Till safely at home with his thankful load,
 Finds the gate, for he knows its uses.

To woman and child he is gentle and kind,
 Yields alike to persuasion or force ;
 But should I attempt all his virtues to find,
 I should sing until *I* am hoarse.
 That never again my pen may gush
 With facts so bare and bony,
 From metrical print I gladly rush
 On the back of my favorite pony.

And though much I have thus essayed to sing
 May be found to limp and stumble,
 My modern Pegasus has ne'er a wing ;
 So reader, pray do not grumble.

With flowing mane and tail in air,
He leaves the grand arena,
Content my humble lot to share,
He to grass, and I—to farina.

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